Englands Vanity:

OR THE

Voice of God

Against the Monstrous

Sin of Pride,

IN

Dress and *Apparel*:

Wherein

Naked **Breasts** and **Shoulders**, Antick and Fantastick Garbs, Patches, and Painting, long Perriwigs, Towers, Bulls, Shades, Curlings, and Crispings, with an Hundred more Fooleries of both Sexes, are condemned as Notoriously Unlawful.

With pertinent Addresses to the Court, Nobility, Gentry, City, and Country.

Directed especially to the Professors in *London*.

By a Compassionate Conformist.

Zeph. 1. 8. *I will punish the Princes, and the King's Children, and such as are Cloathed with strange Apparel.*

Entred according to Order.

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Voice of God

XIII.4 [1]
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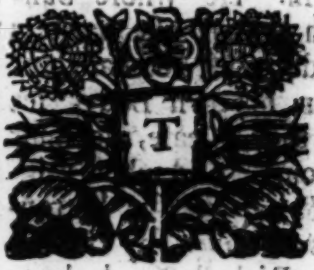
English

God's Voice against Pride; in Dress and Apparrel.

To the Court.



THE design of this Treatise is not against in the least to Affront the Court; for it seemeth to me, that our Saviour hath granted some kind of dispensation to Princes, and their Retinue, (for the Honour of Kingdoms, and Governments) to appear as Gloriously as themselves please, or can. And though St. *Matthew* Epithets their Garments [τὰ μαλακὰ,] soft, tender, and smooth, yet St. *Luke* has lin'd them all with Tissue and Gold. They that are in Kings Courts [ἐν ἱματίωμς ἐνάξω, &c.] are Gloriously and Gorgeously Apparrelled,

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led, as becometh their place. 'Tis not for a poor preacher in the Wilderneſs, who himſelf muſt be an Example of the greateſt Auſterity and Temperance of Life, (that ſo he may recommend it to others, and wean them from the Pomps and Vanities of this Evil World, 'tis not for ſuch a one) to flant it out in *Purple* and *Silkes* (as *Courteours* uſe); No, a piece of courſe *Chamlet* will ſerve his turn well enough, to preach Repentance and Mortification in. He whoſe buſineſs it is to declaim againſt the dangers of Luxury, and Pride, muſt not hang out the flags of it upon his own Body, let *Courteours* do what they pleaſe, he muſt not; thus our Saviour. And who is ignorant that the *Royal Robe* is buttoned on the ſhoulders of *Kings*, by the Divine hand, and the Richeſt *Jewels* hang by Authority, in the Ears of his *Royal Conſort*. And therefore I think the Emperiour *Severus*, anſwered his Name too farr, who when once two *Unions* of exceeding Greatneſs and Value, were preſented to his *Empreſs* by an Embaſſador, he would not ſuffer her to wear them, but hung them up at the ears of the Image of *Venus*, (as *Lampridus* tells us) leaſt any ill Example ſhould proceed from

Her,

Her, and have too great an influence on the Ladies of the Court, and he thought them more proper for the Levity of ſo worthy a Goddeſs as *Venus*, than the grave Majeſty of the *Wife* of *Severus*. However, our Queen *Elizabeth*, would never have done as that Emperour, Whoſe very Picture every where ſhews us, how great an admirer She was of *Jewels*. 'Tis fit indeed the *Repreſentative* of him, who is *Cloathed with Light, as with a Garment*, and who are *God's upon Earth*, ſhould (at leaſt in their ſolemn Appearances) dart out ſome *Rays* of Majeſty, and Luſtre; like him they perſonate. King *Herod* was not ſmitten from Heaven, for having on his back that Glorious Robe, againſt which the Sun-Beams ſtriking, caus'd it to reflect ſo Divine a Splendour, (as *Joſephus* tells us) which occaſion'd that Blaſphemous Acclamation, from the Aſtoniſht People; but becauſe He too greedily ſwallowed down thoſe vain Adulations, and was inebriated with the conceit of being voted a Deity. Princes have their *Garments*, as well as their *Miniſters* of State, which are the appropriate and *peculiar Treaſure of Kings*; and may the eye of that Subject wax ſore, that looks a ſquint on them, were they

as gorgeous, as ever were worne by the Lydian *Crœsus*, who once vainly demanded of the wise *Solon*, (a grave Philosopher) Whether ever he had seen a more Glorious sight than himself, (being wonderful richly set out, and sitting in State on his Throne)? yea Sir, quoth *Solon*, I have seen *Woodcocks*, *Pheasants* and *Peacocks*, and these were graced with a natural beauty, whereas yours is but a borrowed Glory, which must vail to time, and shake hands ere it be long with Mortality.) He that thinks the *Wardrobe* too fine, must traiterously fear the *Exchequer* too full. But never was discourse of this Nature, more unseasonably applicable to our *English-Court*, when God has blessed us with a Prince, who has given the greatest Example of Moderation and Gravity in Attire, of any that ever yet swayed our *British* Scepter, when the richest Pearls cannot make Him, but themselves proud in being Honoured to be worn by the Soveraign of the Seas; but who perhaps might necessarily enough be addressed, in the words of *Seneca*, to *Neroes* Lady, *Indue te delicate, non propter te, sed propter honorem Imperii.* (And indeed the glory of Empyre needs the Emission of some Lusture to keep up its Majesty and

Dread.

Dread.) *William Rufus* was of another Temper, who when his *Chamberlain* brought him a pair of Hose of *three shillings*, (which then might be equal to ten now) very passionately threw them away, and would have a pair of a *Mark*. I marry, those were Hose fit for a Prince. So also there are Robes of *Distinction* which are clasped on Subordinate *Magistrates*, both innocent and Laudable in themselves, and are expressive of the Dignity and Office of such as weare them. Thus we read that *Severus* allowed his *Judges* Gownes to sit in publick Judgment, and others to wear at home in their private houses. Our very *Quakers* were never so impudent to affront the Scarlet of the *Judge* or *Prator*. And these indeed (*Lampred in Alex. Sever.* chap. 42.) are rather hung upon them, than girt to them, and are as loose as the Golden Key that playes on the breast of a Lord *Chamberlain*, or the *Seal* that is carried in the hand of a Lord *Chancellour*, that is so far from making its impression on his heart, that he knows it may be commanded away to another, and is perfectly at the pleasure of his Prince. And 'tis observable how our Saviour phrases that expression but now mentioned,

ned, [οἱ φορῦντες τὰ μαλακὰ] They that that *bear* ſoft clothing, others wear it, faſt girt, and ſtiff lac'd (as our Ladies ſtayes that penn her up as in a torturing priſon, to make her look ſlender and pretty); but theſe *bear* it, (as looſe Cloaks which are eaſily off and on: So the Famous *Burleigh* when at night coming weary home from the Croud, and buſineſs of Court, and pulling off his Gown, was uſually heard to ſay to it, *Lye there Lord Treaſurer*: and indeed when we remember what Cares the Robe of State are ned with, we ſhall have little Reaſon to ſuſpect thoſe of much Pride, that bear them.

The ſame diſpenſation doubtleſs extends to each Order and Decree of the Royal Houſehold. It being not ſo Honourable for Princes (like him of the Ayr) to be attended on by a *Black Guard*). When the Queen of the *South* took her tedious journey, to hear the Wiſdom of *Solomon*, 'tis expreſly ſaid, *The attendance of his Miniſters, and their Apparrel*, was ſo glorious, that it raviſh't away her Spirit, (*paſſa eſt Ecſtaſin* ſaith *Junius*) there was no more ſpirit in her. She fell into a trance to view ſo a glittering a Court, where the great *King*, as

as the Sun; the chief *Miniſters*, as the *Planets* of the firſt magnitude, and each inferiour *Officer*, as the minor *Stars* (the very leaſt had his ſhine) but altogether were (as our Saviour expreſſeth it) *Solomon in all his Glory*. Surrounded with all his *Nobles* and *Councellors*, and *Attendants*, each one in his Sphere contributing to the glory of ſo great a *Conſtellation*. Indeed God dreſſ'd up Solomon in the brighteſt Robes of Royalty with full deſign to make him the moſt illuſtrious *Prince*, that he might undreſs him again, and make him the moſt experienc'd *Preacher* that all *Princes* to the worlds end might have the Word of a King to aſſure them how much *vanity* attends the Courts of the moſt Magnificent *Potentates*, and how little ſatisfaction, or *Soul-Acquieſcence* himſelf had found in all the Grandieurs of State.

How charitably therefore may we judg of Thoſe, whom rather Reaſon and Neceſſity of *State*, than any natural Inclination or Promiſe to the folly, does exact from them a more gay and ſplendid Appearance and Dreſs. Courteours being not alwayes *Proud*, though ſometimes *Poor* (the more is the Pitty) and more ignorantly envied, than cheerfully truſted by

the jealous *Citizen*, who yet can love it well enough, when himself has the profit, and they come to *Buy*; But infinitely more, where he hath it indeed, and they come to pay.

These therefore I shall leave to be as *fine* as they can, and do heartily wish, that of any part of their *Suits*, the *Pockets* may be the most richly faced; lest the *Taylor* trust them so long, that they are put to the trouble of begging a *Knighthood* for him, in satisfaction of a full discharge. Only I begg leave to be their Remembrancer of some excellent Advice, which once a great *Prelate* of the Church delivored to the Houshold of King *James* in the Chappel of *Theobalds*, and sure they cannot take it ill from one, who died an *Archbishop*, though I confess no very good *Subject*.

As it is fitting you should be adorned for the Attendance of your Earthly, so there are some Ornaments to be thought upon for the Service of your Heavenly Master. Oh happy We, of all other Creatures, if we were near so mindful of the one, as we are too solicitous of the other. But hearken ye that forget God, this is no proportion at all to allow half a day for the tricking of the Body, and grudge the poor half hour for the prepar-

ing of the Soul. Those that glitter in soft Clothing, may be respected in Kings Houses, but without Faith, Repentance and true Devotion, they are of no reckning in Gods House: And such Correspondence there is between God & the King, that I could never yet read of any, who neglected the Service of their Master in Heaven, did ever true service to their Master on Earth; these two Worships therefore conjoyned in the Tables of the Law, let them not be disjoyned in the Tables of our hearts: And so shall God who has made us now Attendants on Princes here below, make us hereafter Fellows and Companions with the Angels above. Dr. *Williams.* To which I Heartily add my *Amen.* And do beseech the Present Gentlemen at Court to meditate on so good an Instruction.

To the Nobility and Gentry.

WIth no less *Observance* and Respect do these Papers address themselves to you (the Truly Honourable and Vertuous *Nobles*, and to you the Worshipful Gentry of the Kingdom. Whose high Birth and Blood, whose Large Demesnes and Revenues do justly give you as a Precedency

cedency by the Ordinance of Heaven above others in Degrees of Honour and Worſhip, ſo certainly a Prerogative, and Priviledge of expreſſing them (by all the lawful, modeſt, and allowable Demonſtrations) to the World. The very *Laws* of Honour obliging you to a ſtrict obſervance, not of the *Rules* only, but very *Complements* of your *Order*, which can never be performed (like thoſe of the Church) without ſome external *Ceremonies* to ſet off the Grace and Decency of them. The Gloryes of *Birth* and *State* (like thoſe of the Sun) being ſhrowded within the cloud of popular Ignorance, or more private Cognizance, till the ſeveral Beames of their *Light* and *Vertue*, baffle the *Shadow*, and triumphantly break out into univerſal Joy and Obſervation; but then, do never fail to attract on themſelves the moſt proſtrtae Adoration and Reverence.

See this in Religion. The very Luſtre of the Divine Image in the Soul, is Grace in the Womb, only, very ſolitary and indiſcernable by any prying eye, while dwelling in the dark Cell of the heart, [is *Faith to ſelf* only, and *before God*, as *Rom.*14.22.] but the Darting out of thoſe beams from that Covert, the piercings of the *Divine Nature* through the dark Lanthorn of Fleſh,

Fleſh, and emitting its *Shine* into the Life, by great and excellent Actions, this makes it *Grace unto others*, and brings a Glory to God. Nor is it enough for a Chriſtian to light his Candle and keep it under a Buſhel, but his Light muſt [ſo] ſhine, that all in the Houſe may ſee it, and the great Author of it not loſe his praiſe. *Mat.* 5. 15, 16. And what are *Good works* but the *Garments* of *Holineſs*, which the true Chriſtian clothes himſelf with every day (according to his Ability) and which makes him beautiful to God and man? Yet (like the Luſtre on *Moſes* face) though they render him Lovely and Amiable in the eyes of others, ſtill they keep him humble in his own, and he is a *Mirrour* to all but himſelf.

Since Nature hath loſt her eyes, and differs in Judgment from her Maker (for *He ſeeth not as man ſeeth* (1 Sam. 16. 7.) Nor yet has attained the light of a rectified Reaſon or Knowledge to pry into the value of interiour Objects and Worth. It will ever be gazing after what it can reach to without, and doting on the Surface of ſuperficial Vanity and Lyes (*Prov.* 30. 8.) Thus *Pride of Life*, as the firſt-born *Leah*, hath gotten the advantage of the *Beauty of Holineſs* (the incomparable *Rachel*)

Rachel) and ſtarts before her into *Jacobs* Bed, while the *Kings Daughter* (*whoſe Glory is within*) is thruſt out to an enforced patience, and made to wait for Admirers, who as hardly are perſwaded to fall in Love with what they cannot perceive ſo Adorable and Precious; and (like *Joſeph*) tho they will not expoſe her to diſhonour, yet reſolve to ſhift her off with a Complement, till an Angel from Heaven clear up her excellency, and very happyly make up the Match. Thus may you you find the Brutiſh herd *Crying up* a gliſtering peece of duſt to be *God*, while they vote the *True One*, in a *plain Coat*, to the *Croſs*.

It is your Viſible Glory (Oh ye Great and Honourable of the Earth) that the Idolatrous World (with the *Perſians*) ſo ſuperſtitiouſly Worſhip and Adore; Take heed therefore while ye paint out your bodies, as ſo many *Idols*, theſe purblind votaries miſtake you for *Deities*, who never ſaw any, more Illuſtrious and Gaudy than your ſelves; And

(Alas,) 'Tis too low and *Hyſtriorick* a Deſign for Perſons of your high Station and Character to trick up your ſelves to the Acting ſo mean a *Comedy*, (Like *Nero* fooling in the Theatre) while none but

ſorry

ſorry and mechanick eyes are fed with the proſpect of ſo great a Degeneracy from the more Noble Idea's of Vertue and Glory.

This is a Game for baſe and *Plebeian* Spirits to purſue, whoſe only project is for to cover ſome horrid Defects, like *Caligula's* wearing a Needlework Cloak, embroiderd with every Colour, and all beſtudded with Precious Stones, to divert his Spectators from being affrighted with his crabbed and hideous Face.

Coaches, they ſay, were firſt invented by a Prince of gouty Leggs, and ill ſhapen Feet, from which the upper parts appear in all the Decorum of Majeſty and Perfection without the leaſt Jealouſy of any Natural failure below; but for thoſe who are born to tread on the Mountaines of State, (As you) 'Tis fit your Paces ſhould be all ſo Honorable, and Exemplary, that you ſcorn to fear the Diſcovery of a vry ſtep to the watchful eyes that trace you.

And though the Spouſes Feet are deſcribed to be *Beautiful with Shoes*, Cant. 7. 1. Yet that ſtill, does but expreſs the Majeſtick Gate of thoſe holy Pilgrims who are directly paſſing to an higher Glory, to which thoſe Feet alone have ſtrength and Grace to climb and convey them. And

happy

py were it for your Honourable Ladies, if their Embroidered Shoes would mind them of a better *Preparation* to which they are exhorted to be *Shod*, ere their delicate *Feet stumble on the dark Mountanis*.

And why should I doubt it? Since, sure, 'tis below the stately *Cedars* to pride themselves in their own shaddows, whose kind branches spreading themselves by so ravishing a dilatation, are ambitious to yield their charitable shelter to succour the distressed, that fly for refuge to them, and not to be only unprofitably gaz'd on.

The *Vine* (in the Parable) scorn'd the Promotion to an Empyre over the Trees. Since 'twas honour enough for it to yield its lushious Clusters to cheer the hearts of men; and what are the thorny burthens of a Crown, to those that overflow (like God himself) in all the streams of Universal good from their Fulness and Greatness?

And the *Simile* is no Derogation to your Honours; Since God himself has Dubed the *Vine* into Honour, and given it the Appellation of *Noble* (Jer. 2.21.) which I find no other Tree of the Forrest so happy to enjoy; and the blessed Jesus, calls himself one, by a Metaphor. (*Joh.* 15. 1.)

Yet

Yet of all other, has the *Vine* the leaſt *Wood*, and the moſt ragged *Rind*, (will a man make a pin of it to hang any Veſſel on, *Ezek.* 15. 3.) while all its Vertue lyes within; and that which makes the leaſt ſhew affords the moſt good, is moſt *Juicy* and productive, to acquaint us, That the moſt Liberal, and diſtributive Spirits care not to bear ſo great a Port in the World, while they gratify themſelves in pouring out all the Communications of their Treaſure and Bounty to others. And even God himſelf appears only in the rich Effluxes of his Goodneſs. O ye Vertuous Nobles, give no occaſion to your Great Lord to take up that ſad Complaint! *How art thou turned into the degenerate Plant of a Strange Vine unto me!*

Nor may this Jealouſy ſink, you into any Diſhonourable Meaneſs of Appearance in Rind or Attire, ſince it would be as ridiculous for a wealthy *Noble man* to draw on *Courſe Cloath*, as for the pooreſt of his Tenants to ſwagger up and down in *Scarlet*; or for his *Counteſs* to be lapped up in *Flannel* (while Alive) as for one of her *Milkmaides* to ſtant it about in *Cloath of Gold*. And ſurely the God of Decency and Order, who hath required all men to diſcharge the Political Debt

of

of Honour to whom Honour belongs, hath as equally obliged those Honourable Personages to all immaginable care, and caution in the furnishing all the Rooms of State, and rayling in the Bed of Honour; To guard and fence their Native Immunityes from all the insolen tinvasions of too incroaching Usurpations, which the affronting hand of impudence does (but too commonly) thrust in to make upon them. God is so tender of the great Prerogative of his Worship, that he professes, by no means will he part with that Glory to Another, nor his *Praise to Graven Images*. And no Phantasmes of the higheſt Consideration whatsoever, should tempt a truly Generous Spirit, to yeild up the Sword of his *Knighthood*, which himself is sworn so superstituously to maintain, That he were happier to feel it bathed in the blood of his heart, than ignominously to surrender it with the leaſt teinture of Cowardise. As the Christian profession is Commanded to *abstain from all appearance of Evil*, So will our wise and wary Lord, very providently foresee, that no cloud of Envy interpose it self to procure an Eclips of his Glory, nor that dignity wherein the providence of Heaven hath so happily fix'd him. Nothing that may perhaps sug-

geſt to the obſerving eye, the leaſt ſhadow of the ignoble guilt of a Law and degenerous Spirit, under the profuſe largeſſes of the Divine bounty. Hiſtory tells us of one *Ardelio*, who himſelf being of an *huge, great*, and *Bulky Body*, delighted in every thing like himſelf that was great, would live in a great Houſe, lye in a great Bed, eat in great Platters, drink in great Bowles, ride upon a great Horſe, entertain none but great Servants, *&c.* however the ſtory be true or falſe, ſurely 'tis the moſt perfect beauty, when great Perſons act ſymmetrically to themſelves, when greatneſs of fortune and generoſity of ſoul are happily concerned together; and add yet a perfection of felicity, to thoſe that are the lucky heirs of it. But that Gentleman, who from the little Devil of a narrow and Avaricious ſoul, ſhall be tempted to ſhrink himſelf into the deſpicable contempt of every bordering Clown, is ten times worſe than that *Roman* Prince, whoſe name and memory will ever ſtrangely ſavour of the very piſſe of the People.

But, I fancy, this to be a needleſs and unſeaſonable ſurmiſe, ſince we find ſo few, under the guilt of (an unfaſhionable) frugality. The Ambition of our

Ladyes being ſo very high and towring, as ſpeaks them reſolv'd to conſecrate this Age into a perfect *Jubilee*, and make every Eve to uſher in an *Holy-day* of pleaſure and gayneſs; and I'm ſure I wrong not ſome of them, if I ſay they never knew a *Working-day* theſe twenty years, and have forgotten the old Reverend Cuſtome of their *Grand-Mothers*, whoſe Wedding Gowns, and Kirchiefs, never ſaw Light, but on the ſolemn anniverſaries of *Chriſtmas* or *Eaſter*, while thoſe celebrate an Everlaſting *Chriſtmas*, and dreſs on *Saturdayes* for the Stage with nicer preparations than the next morning, for the Church, and begin the week with the ſame zeal to their vanity, as they ended it. And were this the grief of great ones only, perhaps it might be leſs fatal and miſchievous. But as *Memucan*, once (aggravating the crime of the *Perſian Queen*) ſaid, *This deed of* Vaſthi's *will come abroad* (for ill Example) *among all the Women, and every Lady of* Media *and* Perſia *will diſpiſe their Husbands. His* 1.17,18. So from the ill Practiſe of thoſe that are able, (who can go to the charge of being Idle) Is this ruinating cuſtome gone abroad even among others, that undo their Husbands by following the Pattern.

Why

Why should not they do as *Vastis*? But *Matthew Paris*, in the life of King *John*, tells us a Story of one *Hubert*, then *Arch-Bishop* of *Canterbury*, who, when the King had given his *Courteours* Rich *Liveries*; he to imitate his *Soveraign*, would needs give his Servants the like, which gave no small offence, to his *Majesty*. Sure 'tis too great an arrogance to *Ape* the *Lyon*, and the *Cestern* may not think to make so broad a stream, as the Fountain. 'Twere happy for these minor Ladies, if their hearts were *Lower*, and their Fortunes *Higher*: But happiest of all, if they would employ what they have to the ends God has given it, and respect more the miseries of the poor, and those below them to imitate the extravagancies of the Mighty and the Rich, that are so far above them.

There are, who believe that superfluity is a necessary evil in a State, the floating of Fashions affording a standing Maintenance to thousands, which otherwise would be at a loss for a Livelihood, and that men maintain more by their Pride then by their charity. And surely if *Armenta* be not turned into *Ornamenta*, whole Herds and Flocks sold off to furnish Head and Locks, and the very pastures in which they graze follow not to pay

for one *Jewel*. If the Ancient *Mannours* of the Family, have not exchanged their Lords, nor are Commanded to do Homage to a Mechannick Maſter. If the Accounts of the Steward in the City, do but keep even pace with the receipts of him in the Country, and *Terra firma* be not boyl'd away into Luxurious Gellies, and whole *Acres* be not ſwopped down for a mornings draught: If the Courts below can but anſwer *Eccho* to thoſe above, I know no reaſon why ruder Pens ſhould ſo loudly exclaim againſt the Prodigalities of the Great Ones, when we little know or conſider what others of the ſame *Spheare* have Acted in Ages before us.

And (ſure I am) thoſe have greatly exceeded them, in that one engulphing profuſeneſs of Jewels. *Turtullian* tells us, in his time, of twenty three thouſand Crowns disburſed for one Rope of Pearl. *Saltus & Inſulas tenera cervix fert.* One tender Neck of a Lady bears the burden of whole Woods and Iſlands. Sir *Thomas Moor* to a Gentlewoman (complaining of exceeding heat in her weighty dreſs) *What wonder* (ſaith he) *for thou carryeſt upon thee Meadows, Vineyards, Mills, Manſions, and Iſlands in the value of Jewels.* But prodigious was the Luxury of the Roman *Paulina*,

lina, (*Caligula*'s widdow) who ruin'd her Father with ſetting her out in ſo pompous exceſs, That ſhe moved about with no fewer Jewels then what coſt him a Million of Gold, as *Plinie* and others have given us her ſtory. 'Tis very obſervable, that the firſt Jewels we read of in Scripture, ſhould be found in the Cloſet of the beſt Lady in the World, (not but that ſure they were common before that time,) but we read of none till *Sarahs* Cabinet is preſented to *Rebeccah*, and envy it ſelf will never repine at thoſe Armes wearing *Bracelets*, that kneaded Cakes for *Angels*. The Wife of ſo great a Lord (as was *Abraham*) and the Lord of ſo good a Wife (as was *Sarah*) the one might warrantably wear what the other had cheerfully purchaſed for her. And Oh that our Ladies had but *Sarahs* Humility and good Houſwifery with her Jewells, whoſe Fingers are I fear, too fine to deal in *Dough*, and the very Angels ſhall faſt rather than they will Kneel to the Kneading-troughs! So great a Difference between *Sarah*, and her Daughters. *Who are ſo* (ſaith Peter) *ſo long as they do well*, but no longer.

Yet ſtill I plead for Perſons of Honour to keep up the the glory of their Station, and ſure I am they might beſt do it by cu-

rious weaving of Works of Mercy with those of *State*. Nay, sometimes for Noble Persons to gratify their Fancies by unnecessary Enterprizes, and seeming Acts of Prodigallity and Vanity, is no great loss to the publick. There goes a Proverb, if Rich men were not fools, poor men might starve. I will not expound it so grossly, but rather would call it an Honourable *Beneficence* to poor *Labourers*, should our Noble Lord distaste the form of his House (as too *Antique* and unfashionable) and resolve to pull it down, as well to imploy poor *Artificers*, as to please his own fancy in building it new. So for a good Lady (that has money enough) to take occasion to pick a quarrel with her *Wardrobe*, as too thredbare and Immodish, not from any design of Pride, but a pious Principle of supplying her self and the *Mercer* together, who might else sit a cold and shiver in his shop for want of Custome, Cursing more her *Covetousness*, than others her *Pride*. Will you call this a vain Excess to idle needless superfluity? No alass, it is a very perfect Charity. And such a good Lady (with holy *Job*) does but *put on Righteousness as a Robe, and clothes her self with Compassion, as with a Diadem*. Nay, each *Lace*, and inch of Ribband about her (like

the ſpouſes *Thred of Scarlet*) does but faſten her Grace the cloſer to her Heart. And her entire Dreſs is nothing elſe but the *Herauld* (in his Gaudy Coat) that Proclaimes her Goodneſs aud Charity.

Nor would *I* wiſh a greater puniſhment on thoſe, whoſe Malice and Envy cuts ſo large ſlaſhes in the Veſtments of the *Rich*, than to pay the *ſhot* of thoſe many Families, who ſit down, and give God thanks for there honeſt Gain, accruing to them from the Accoutrements of but one Honourable Lady, when but Attir'd in a ſutable Garb to her Honour. 'Tis eaſily apparent, that above twenty honeſt Saleſmen make their dinners every day from the allowable advantages of her Dreſs, ſhould you paſs from the *Silkman* and *Exchange*, from the *Millener* and the *Goldſmith*, to the inferiour Furnitures of her body; and inſtance but in the moſt contemptible and baſeſt of all; may the Reader conſider, that the leaſt *Pin* about her, paſſes throw two or three hands ere it is quallified for the Honour to have a place in her Head, and *I* wiſh it ſtuck in the fingers of ſuch who bethink the ſorry Maintenance of thoſe poor Wretches that *point*; thoſe others that *head*;

and again, thoſe others that fit them up in due ranks and numbers for ſale.

It was (Poſſibly) from ſuch conſiderations as theſe that great St. *Auſtin* in one of his Epiſtles to *Poſſidius*, gives him this neceſſery charge, Tom. 2. Epiſt 37. *ad Poſſid. Nolo ut de Ornamentis Auri vel veſtis preproperam habeas in prohibendo ſententiam.* Be not raſh in paſſing too haſty a Judgment againſt the Ornaments of the Rich; And ſome perhaps will but ſmile at the Decree of an ancient Councel of the Church aſſembled at *Gangra*. That anathematizes thoſe, who ſhall be ſo rude and audacious to cenſure or control the Apparrel of great and ſuperiovr Perſons. (*Qui cum Reverentia Birrhis uſi fuerint*) and the ground of that Curſe (ſaith *Balſamon*) was this. Becauſe ſuch are cloathed, not *propter molliciem, ſed propter profeſſionem*, not from any *Luxury*, but *diſtinction*.

Be not jealous (Reader) that I have forgotten my deſign, or am become *Prides Advocate*: 'Tis, every where ſeen that *Platoe's* rich Gown covers a more humble mind, than the *Cynicks* Frieze. Pride is a diſeaſe that breads in courſe and branney Spirits (the very Scrapings of dame Natures trough) and bliſters ever from the corrupteſt blood. 'Tis *Humility* is the

Glory

Glory of the Great and the *Noble*, their only unalterable Dreſs, that is ever in faſhion amongſt them. The very *Rubies* they wear would wax pale at the draught of that Venom, and *Pearls* themſelves would bluſh for ſhame at the imputation of ſuch a Foppery. What need ſuch to ſwell, that are ſo *Great* already, or to aſpire to a ſublime Height when they are born on the Hills of *Excellency*, and break into life, like, that Emperour *Diadumenus* with a Diademe of Honour on their forheads, and whom the firſt light ſalutes into the World as happy, as Great.

Thus while (Right Honourable) I apologize for you, and pay but the Tribute your Vertue and State calls for, from every humble Pen. I have plotted all along to merit from you the Innocent Liberty of Inſinuating (in the moſt proſtrate and ſubmiſſive poſture of Addreſs) the following conſiderations for good Noble minds to contemplate.

Firſt, That as you are fixed by the Generous and only diſtinguiſhing bounty of God (your great Maker & ours) in the higheſt Orbe, and to a more abſtructed Degree of Happineſs and State in the World, than were others; Licenced to bear a greater Sway and Port; and to appear with all

all your pompous Traines, drawing, that eyes of the Univerſe after you by your Gallantry and ſplendour of Life. So that your Honours would ever Remember to give all this but its right Name, and the ſame, which the Holy Ghoſt gives it [*Acts* 25. 23.] Where an whole Bench of Great Ones (and one of them a King) with all their Attendants and Glory appear'd to dazle the eyes of a poor Priſoner at the Bar (who yet by the Spirit and Power of the God that ſpake by him, made the beſt of them tremble as he ſate) calls all that Luſtre, But a meer Phantacy (μετα πόλλης φαντασίας,) A very Gleam and *Vain Shew* that appeared and vaniſhed together, and not ſo much as the Shaddow of the truer Glory, which has weight indeed and is maſſie, exceedingly ſo, and eternal too. And this the Royal Prophet, well experienced, when he left behind him that very proper Leſſon for Perſons of your Noble Order to meditate on. *Man in his beſt eſtate is altogether Vanity.*

Nor is it unworthy your profoundeſt thoughts to conſider, what little Courtſhip the God of Glory has uſed towards ſome, very eminent Perſonages of the Earth, by the contemptible characters he has

has ſtamped upon them in the ſacred Records. The Great *Antiochus* who for his Magnificence was ſtiled *Epiphanes*, or the Illuſtrious, paſſes off the ſtage with the Ignominious impreſs of a *Vile Perſon*. Dan. 11. 21. (ſuch it ſeems, in Heavens Accounts notwithſtanding his worldly Greatneſs) *Herod*, gains no more from our Saviour than the ſutable Title of a *Fox* (who ſo greedily ſucked the Blood of the Innocent *Baptiſt*): Thoſe who puſh the Innocent with the hornes of oppreſſion, are (very congenially) termed the *Bulls* of *Baſhan*, *Jehoiakim*, Jer. 22. 28. an ill Prince, is ſhav'd into the deſpicable cut of *Coniah*, as one unworthy to fill up the leaves of his ſacred Book with the full ſylables of his Name. But above all, how remarkable is the crowding of at leaſt forty Dukes of the progeny of *Eſau* (whom God hated) into one ſhort Chapter, juſtling them together, three or four into one line, ſeven or eight of them into two. Duke *Teman*, Duke *Omar*, Duke *Zepho*, Duke *Kenaz*, &c. their whole ſtory loſt in the ayre of an empty Title, their perſons and hopes entred together in the dark vault of eternal Oblivion, While yet above a dozen chapters are proved in the decy-

phering

phering out the Excellencies of but one younger Son of a *Plain man that dwelt in Tents*, and give us the exact memories of his whole life and actions to the Grave, *Gen.* chap. 37. to 50.

And the Almighty God make your *Honours* as Pious and Good, as that famous *Joseph*, and your Noble Conforts infinitely more Virtuous than his impure and unkind mistriss. Who, as if his unnatural Brethren had not shewn cruelty enough to him, by stripping him of one Coat, and sending him into Exile, She must conspire too, and tear from him another, dismissing him all cold into Prison, (clad onely in the vest of divine Favour, and his, own innocency) yet anon breaking out into a resplendency, outshining the Nobles of the whole Court when we find him wrapt in the Royal Ornaments and the finest Linnen of *Egypt*. Nor had I mentioned this, Had it not been the perfect Mirror of your Honours own real story. Who must (as certainly) be devested from all your rich and gay coloured coats (that creates so great an Envy in the eyes of the world) though the particular Cognizances of your great Fathers kindness) and your desolate Bodies sent Captives into the dungeon of death,

If

If therefore now ye ſhall carefully buckle on the ſecure *Coat-Armour* of faith, and purity, to fence your glorious ſouls from the repeated attempts, this *Egyptian* ſtrumpet, the World, ſhall make upon your Chaſtities. Then ſhall ye undoubtedly moſt triumphantly appear at the *Reſurrection of the Juſt*. Cloathed with the bright rayes of your Saviours Righteouſneſs, and *Shining as the Sun, for ever and ever.*

But if (which God forbid) you ſhall ſuffer your Noble and more Sublimated Spirits to melt away in the Riots and Luxury of a meritorious bewitching World, and this *Circe* to charm you into the killing ſlumbers of ſecurity and death, ſhould you paſs into an ungrateful and ſlighting neglect of him whoſe goodneſs hath ſo deeply oblig'd you, by the many rich demonſtrations of his bounty and kindneſs, then, though you ſhould here exalt your ſelves *as the Eagle*, and *Build your Neſts among the Stars*; yet thence will God ſurely caſt you down into Contempt, and *lay your Honour in the duſt*. Though the whole Creation here be rifled for the furniture of your Tables, though the *Indian Rocks* reſign up their ſparkling Diamonds, to grace your Boſomes,

ſomes, though you celebrate an uninterrupted Holy Day of Joy and Pleaſure, though the whole ſeries of Life, yet will a ſawcy *Diſeaſe* very impudently intrude upon you, and unpin the very foundations of all theſe Raviſhing glories, and tumble you into rottenneſs and the grave. The inſolent *Captain* within, will torture your unwilling ears with the diſmal tydings of an approaching diſſolution, and Death it ſelf will hardly be brib'd to the civility of giving Reſpite, while you chaunt out *Adrians* dying Notes. *O Animula, blandula, vagula, quo nunc abibis!* O my miſerable darling ſoul, into what ſhades art thou now paſſing? This (Right Honourable) is the unavoidable Decree of Heaven, and all the powers of Created ſtrength and policy, will never prevail to revoke it.

Yet (while you live) it cannot but be ſome Regret to your Honours to ſee all the Badges of your Honourable Order ſo impudently invaded by the perſons of the baſeſt and moſt contemptible circumſtances and condition. Each *Ranter* and *Ruffian* painting up himſelf into the moſt perfect hypocriſie of your Sate, and hardly any thing wanting, (ſave the *Blew Ribban* and the *George*) to diſtinguiſh

ſtinguiſh them from being Knights of the moſt Honourable *Garter*, you'ld take them all to be *Lords*, (as the *Roman* Senator appeared once to the Embaſſaduor to be no leſs than an Aſſembly of Kings) but that they have loſt their Mannours and Manners together; Envy would ſuggeſt, as if the ſparks of this Vanity had all proceeded from your palaces, but alas; every hand hath ſet the fire to his own Thatch, that has ſcattered into this Univerſal conflagration. Pitty a diſtracted Nation that has borrowed your plumes to dreſs it ſelf up to the Acting it's own *Tragedy*. The whole frantick Herd running about with Gilded *Horns*, and platted *Manes*, preſenting themſelves to the Angry *Deity* for *Sacrifice*. 'Tis high time for you (ye Nobles) to put on your *Sables*, while this mad *Mummery* is thus every where practiſed, The whole Kingdome in maſquerade. the diſtracted Mimmix of your Grandieur. Each pittiful fellow check-by-joleingit with your *Lordſhips*, and every *Mechanicks* wife *Apeing* your high-born Ladies, their heaps of Counterfeits not ſweating for fear, or ſhame to vie with the Richeſt *Carcanets*. Anciently *Pearles* were called *Uſhers*, becauſe they made way for ſuch as wore them;

them; now every *Exchange-Wench* is uſh-er'd in by them into her ſtalls, and while ſhe calls to others to know *what they Lack*, while her ſelf lacks nothing to make her as fine as a *Counteſs*, and ſtands there, but to upbraid others wants. 'Tis a cuſtome they ſay, at the Creation of Knights of the *Bath*, for the Kings *Maſter-Cook* to come forth, and preſent his great Knife to the New-made Knights, admoniſhing them to be Faithful and Valiant, otherwiſe he threatens them, that very Knife is prepar'd to cut off their Spurs. But here are ſuch a multitude of Knights, and Ladies of their own Creation, behaving themſelves ſo unworthy of that Dignity, that the *under Scullions* of the *Kitching*, would be tyred ſufficiently with cutting off the combs of their Honour. And ſure ſome ſharp-edged Inſtrument or other, muſt be whetted to do the Execution, ſome ſevere Laws to crop off the Monſters head in time. Or 'tis to be feard, God himſelf will take it into his own hands, and make but bloody work among them.

Thus having ended theſe neceſſary Caveats to take off any prejudice which might ariſe in great and innocent minds, I ſhall now betake my ſelf to thoſe whom the

Guilt

guilt and danger does more immediately concern.

To both City and Countrey.

GOd *who at ſundry times, and in divers manners, hath ſpoken in times paſt to all* Nations, Kingsdoms, and People, as well by the *Still Small Voice*, of his Mercies, as by the direfull thunder of his Judgments, hath in this preſent *Age*, ſpoken to this ſinfull Land, in ſuch terrible and aſtoniſhing accents as might well have prevail'd to ſtartle and awaken the moſt drouſie and ſecure People in the World that were not wholly expir'd in a mortal Lethargy, and given over to the formidable judgment of an utter inſencibility. 'Tis ſign we are perfectly dead fleſh, that can ſuffer the many ſtroaks of Divine vengeance to be repeated on us ſo often without the leaſt ſenſe of reluctancy or groan, the many ſtabbs from the Sword of Juſtice into our very bowels, while we (like the late proteſtant-Martyrs Body) are ſo *Stark* and *Stiff*, that no Tears or Blood bedew the Weapon that pierces us, nothing alas iſſues from the wounds that are made into us. Whence is it, and from what provoca-

tion (O ye unhappy Countrey-men) have we contracted this ſo perfect an obduration, (the moſt infallible preſage of our Ruine)? have you not ſeen the *Viſions of the Prophet*, That incorrigible People (Once ſo dear and near unto God, the very *Apple of his Eye*, and *dearly Beloved of his Soul*) but a moment before their National Viſitation and Ruine, laugh in the Face of an afflicting God, and bearing up themſelves bravely under all the wounds of his Wrath, and too cunningly baffling all the various Methods of his (unforcedly cruel) diſpenſations againſt them? *O Lord thou haſt ſmitten them, but they have not grieved, thou haſt conſumed them, but they have refuſed to receive correction, they have made their faces harder than a Rock, they have refuſed to return?* Let all mens Conſciences witneſs, whether ever the frame of *Englands* Spirit could have been pourtraied out to greater Life by another Pencil.

One would prudently ſuppoſe, it ſhould be too late for Sin and Hell to play over again their old Games, (now in this Rubbiſh Age of the World) while we ſee all the Earth almoſt to have been deſolated into rubbiſh by their cruelty and fallacies. All the Nations and Kingdoms that

that were once Glorious, to be thrown down into Destruction and Ruinous Heaps. The four great Monarchies of the Earth gobbled up by the *Lyons* that support the Throne of God's Justice. The fierceness of his Indignation burning up the *Sanctuary of his Holiness*, and seizing on the Habitation of his Glory and Delight, and his very People made an Hissing and a Reproach to the World. God for these *five thousand* years hath been scattering abroad the Arrows of his Rage, *hunting out after the Proud to humble them, and treading down the wicked in their place*, Where they all lye his Prisoners in *the dust together, with their faces bound for destruction.* And yet we wormes take no warning. Why, open thine Eyes Reader, and consider, how many millions hath Sin and Judgment sent into the dungeons of darkness, and thou art dancing on the very brink of the same precepice, yet wilt not see it. No, not though God has brought the *Tragedies* of Antiquity, and Acted them over again at thine own door. Thou hast sent the Flames of *Sodom*, burning up thine own House, and the *Pestilence* of *Egypt*, raging in thine own Streets. The silent murmurs of an *Hundred Thousand* Souls seeming to mut-

ter out the fruſtrated end of their being lock'd up in darkneſs, while there *is ſo little profit in their Blood* to the Living, and the happineſs is only to themſelves, in being delivered from plagues more infectious than thoſe that deſtroyed them: And to this day the Sword of God reaching to the very ſoul. The Flames of his Wrath burning in the ſpirits of men, ready to devour each other, and enkindle the whole Kingdom into Flame, while every one ſtrives under the pretences of Religion, which (in truth) is almoſt abandoned by all, the *Marrow* and *Fatneſs* of it quite ſuck'd away, while we are paſſionately quarrelling for the bone. And while thoſe that profeſs, ſay, *Here is Chriſt*; and others ſay, *Nay, but He is there.* The miſerable prophane conclude, he is no where. The very *Life* is loſt in the contentions for the *Form*, and the *Subſtance* is ſo farr from being embraced, that the very *Shadows* are hated and perſecuted by moſt. So little care taken for making up our Diviſions, that new Methods are dayly contrived to widen them. And while we are weakning one another, the Enemy fortifyes himſelf againſt us all. Oh beloved Countrey-men! *What ſhall we do to be ſaved?*

Is

Is there no Balm in Gilead? Nor means to rettrieve us? ſhall we not at leaſt go hand in hand, and reconcile to prayers and tears? ſhall we not weep together for deliverance, without upbraiding each others drops, as Hypocriticall? Is not the Bleſſing, a *Common Salvation*, which we all ſo paſſionately long for? do we hate each other to that Degree, that ſome are contented to be miſerable ſtill, that others may not be happy? Is this the ſpirit of Love? This the temper of the *Goſpel*-Charity? This the way to atone an incenſed God? who becauſe our Spirits are burning in hatred, is ſtill enkindling the Flames of his Vengeance, whoſe aſhes, becauſe we will not lay them on our Heads, God (ere they are quenched) lays them on our Habitations again, and blows them up into freſh Fires, and upon our breaſts too to encreaſe the *Coals* there. Nay, ſo far are we from thinking on *Sackcloaths*, or treaties with God for forbearance, ſo far from bending the ſtiff knee, and lifting up the humble hand: That there is a danger in the very motion to it, the very Exhortation to Repentance is maliciouſly conſtrued into Sedition, as a piece of *Non-Conformity*, to the happineſs and proſperity

of the Age. As if Converſion to God were not the ready way to Eſtabliſhment of peace. Come Reader, before we breath in the Ayre, and after we ſhall have ceas'd breathing here, Will that maxime hold unanſwerable in our Bibles, *There is no peace ſaith my God to the wicked*, God ſaith ſo, and he will make us all to know ſo! *Hath He ſaid it, and will He not bring it to paſs?* Let us lay down our pride, our inſolence, our contempts of Judgments, our abuſe of names, our curſed animoſities, our dreadful heart-burnings, and bring our ſelves into a poſture, fit for Humiliation, and return to God, then may there be ſome hope indeed; but without this, God hath ſaid it, *There is no peace.* And a Mercy of Mercies it is, that at ſuch a time as this, the Tongues of our *Prophets* do not *cleave to the roof of their Mouths*, nor are *Dumb*. And Ile aſſure you, ſome of them have *cried aloud*, (Ezech.) and *ſpared not, yea have lift up their voice like a Trumpet*, and have not fear'd very roundly to ſhew the provocations of the Age: And the words that *They have ſpoken ſhall Judg us at the laſt day.* Inſtead of many, I will inſtance but in two (and thoſe indeed *inſtar omnium*) the very worthy and

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undaunted witneſſes of God, againſt all the curſed debaucheries, that with ſuch brazen fac'd impudence, do ſpread and reign every where in the midſt of us. And firſt, Ariſe (thou *Chariots of* Iſrael, *& the Horſemen thereof*) the Valiant and Magnanimous Biſhop of *Hereford*, (who in thy diſcourſe to the Lords aſſembled in Parliament, *February* 4. (7⅓) from that above mentioned Text, *There is no peace to the Wicked*) haſt uttered theſe Words,

"*Pag.* 17. Many complaints I heard "abroad in the World, but very little to the "purpoſe, not one of an hundred conſiders "matters aright, much leſs layes to heart "the true cauſe of that whereof they com-"plain. But ſhall I tell you the true Cauſes "of our miſery. We have made a League, "a moſt unfortunate evil League; and we "have made a War, a moſt dangerous "deſtructive War; a League with Satan, "and a War with God: theſe are the ra-"dical cauſes of our deſtruction, and unleſs "rooted up, will be our confuſion. Not "long ſince we lamented a Plague that "deſtroy'd many thouſands; that ceaſed, "but our Sin, the cauſe thereof, that re-"mained; therefore another calamity ſoon "followed: Then we lamented a great and "dreadful Fire, which conſumed our Ca-

"pital City; that alſo ceaſed, but Sin ſtill
"remained. Then we lamented a dange-
"rous War, when our Enemies ſayled
"up the River ſo near us, that it ſtruck
"a Terrour into the hearts of all: they
"likewiſe are gon, Our Sin ſtill remaines.
"So we go on lamenting one Calamity
"after another, and labour ſtill with might
"and main to redreſs the preſent grie-
"vance, but the neglect the cauſe, like men
"in a Feaver pain'd here, and pain'd there,
"we toſs from ſide to ſide to find reſt;
"we call for this & that Drink to quench our
"thirſt, but all in vain; the Feaver of
"Luſt ſtill burns in our Bowels, and till
"this be cured, no eaſe, no reſt to be
"had. (Again *Page* 20.) The luſts of the
"Fleſh are moſt horribly exorbitant in
"both the parts of it, Voluptuouſneſs of
"Diet, and Laſciviouſneſs of body. The
"buſineſs of Diet which formerly was the
"care and talk of Women to their Cooks,
"and Caterers, is now become the ſtudy
"and diſcourſe of men, even Gentry and
"Nobles, whoſe Brains is ſunck into their
"Guts, and ſo are become very skillful
"in the Belly-ſcience; for they have in-
"vented Rarities never heard of in for-
"mer Ages, and are ſo early ripe in this
"Art, that before they have ſtudied Phi-
"loſophy

"loſophy or Gramar, they are Maſters in "the Art of Cookery. Nor are they "leſs skilful in Drinks than Meats: and "'tis a thing adds much to their Repu- "tation, that there is not a ſort of Wine "growing in any part of *France*, *Germany*, "*Spain*, *Italy*, but they have the particu- "lar name thereof more ready than their "Creed or Pater-noſter, and will enter- "tain you with a ſcore at leaſt in one "Meal. (And *Page* 22.) Thus having by "the luſt of Voluptuouſneſs, by curious "and exceſſive Eating and Drinking, pro- "cured the luſt of Laſciviouſneſs. They "give themſelves up to work all manner "of uncleanneſs with Greedineſs; Forni- "cation, and Adultery, not only frequent- "ly acted in private, but publickly own- "ed. Men in the dark formerly ſculk't "into lewd houſes, and there had their "revellings; but now men, Married men, "in the light, bring into their own houſes "moſt lewd Strumpets, feaſt and ſport "with them in the face of the Sun; mean "while their neglected, ſcorned, diſcon- "ſolated wives, are forced to retire to "their ſecret Cloſets, that they may not "be ſpectators of thoſe Abominations. And "whoever doth not approve, yea, and "practiſe ſuch deteſtable wickedneſs, who-

"ſoever

"ſoever is not a Devil incarnate, is re-
"proached by theſe as a deviliſh Hypo-
"crite: (*O incomparable Biſhop, never ſo*
"*great a Truth ſpoken!*) for they have to-
"tally quenched the light of the Spirit
"in their naſty pudle of uncleaneſs, they
"have ſo ſeared their conſciences with
"burning Luſt; they have ſo Metamor-
"phoſed themſelves into Laſcivious Goats,
"as they have no more belief of God
"in them, than theſe natural Bruite Beaſts,
"and ſo conclude. The reſt of men have
"no more conſcience or belief of God
"than themſelves, and that all their ſeem-
"ing pity is meer Hypocriſy, and cun-
"ning deſigne for ſome advantage. (*Rea-*
"*der, thank God for ſo faithful a witneſs.*)
"And by ſuch ſcornful reproaches on one
"hand, and enticeing allurements on the
"other, they gain many Aſſociates, who
"have not the courage to reſiſt the one,
"nor conſtancy to withſtand the other;
"by which meanes Lewdneſs and Atheiſme
"are ſtrangely increaſed in Court, City,
"and Country. How far ſome Grandees
"of the Nation have been a Countenance
"and incouragement to Inferiours, is ſo
"viſible, there needs no diſcourſe to ſhew
"it.

"(*Page* 25.) We are grown ſo irreli-
"giouſly

"giously civil in this Age, that it passes "for Incivility if any one offer to re- "prove, or so much as frown; nay, if you "do not shew some complaisance, and "smile at their lewd prophane discour- "ses. (*Page* 27.) Come now you that "wou'd pass for Noble and good na- "tur'd men, come you sweet natur'd and "tender-hearted women, consider well I "pray you with me, what shall we think "of this our foul sinful and hateful be- "haviour towards our blessed Saviour Je- "sus Christ. Let us lay aside our gorge- "ous Apparrel, all our splended Pomp & "Vanity. And totally humble our selves "inside and outside, all Gallantry must "be put off, Sackcloth put on; we must "mortify our carnal beastial Lust, and "let our Eyes brake forth into fountains "of tears, to wash away the lothsom filth "thereof, *&c.*

Now judg Reader, whether God hath left himself without witnesses, shall not these words Pass as good Evidence to the confusion of such as *go on still in their trespasses?* But because every Truth is established in the mouth of two or three, let us adjoyn another to him as Nobly *Valiant for the Truth, and zealous* for the Glory of his God as himself. The Right

Reverend

Reverend Biſhop of *Salisbury*, who in this Apoſtatizing Age, wherein we have made ſo Univerſal a revolt from God's Covenant, and all Goodneſs, hath thus Valiantly born his Teſtimony againſt the Villanies of the Kingdomes, in that Noble Sermon of his, from [2 *Kings* 6. *ult.*] *This Evil is of the Lord, wherefore ſhould I wait for the Lord any Longer?* &c. (preached alſo before the Lords in the ſame place, and but a month before the former). —— *Page* 10. he raiſes this obſervation (*viz.*) *The moſt wicked and moſt Diſtemper'd Sinners are forced ſometimes to acknowledge the hand of God in the diſpenſation of his Judgments.* Tho (*Page* 12) they devote themſelves to profaneneſs and debauchery, 'enter themſelves in the *Academy* of A-'theiſm and irreligion, become very hard 'Studients in the Schools of Ryoting and 'Drunkenneſs, of Chambering and Wan-'tonneſs, of Hectoring and Ranting: fre-'quent the Brothels and the Stage: yet 'all this will not ſerve their turns, when 'the hand of God is lifted up, though 'they will not ſee, yet they ſhall ſee and 'be afraid, —— *Page* 25. ——Come then 'in the Name of God, let us reaſon a 'while together: hath this been the caſe of *Joram*, (of whom we have been ſpeaking)?

'ing)? and is it not the case of us? Plain-'ly! was it only the case of that King of 'Israel, and is it not the case of this 'Kingdom of *England?* (*Page* 27) That 'a novel and upstart Common-Wealth of 'a Nation (*He means the Dutch*) lately 'feeble and poor, whyning and submissive, 'should Arrive at the ungrateful bold-'ness to provoke a powerful and mighty 'Kingdom, that they should be permit-'ted to disappoint and baffle their strong-'est preparations, and come to such an 'height, as to endeavour to fix upon them 'Marks and Characters of perpetual igno-'my and dishonour.

'That a spark should kindle in a cor-'ner, and should be permitted to destroy 'all the stately Palaces, publick Buildings, 'and Venerable Churches, in one of the 'most considerable Cities in the World, 'besides *Twelve Thousand* private Habi-'tations; certainly this evil is from the 'Lord, that after we have seen the end 'of the Lord, the vengeance of God so 'signally executed upon the Principle Au-'thors, Actors, and promoters (of his 'late Majesties Death) (*Page* 29) matters 'should be brought to that pass, that some 'should fear, and others hope, that the 'Monarchy of *England*, and that Religi-

'on

'on, and those Laws, and the very per-
'sons which uphold it, should now be aban-
'doned; and that the great Interest of Re-
'ligion and Government should be deli-
'vered up into the hands of the *Irish* or
'*English* Papists, the *Scotch* or *English*
'Covenanters, or other Sectaries. Are not
'all these things strange and wonderful in
'our Eyes? is not the hand of God to be
'seen clearly in all this? ---- Let us now
'see the National behaviour, when these
'Judgments have been so many, so grie-
'vous, so visible, have the Inhabitants of
'the Land learned Righteousness? have
'they prevailed upon us to break off our
'sins by Repentance, or to continue in
'them, and encrease them with a bris-
'ker and sturdier Resolution? Instead of
'being a Religious and Praying people,
'are we not become an Atheistical and
'Blaspheaming people? Instead of a so-
'ber & fasting people, are we not become a
'roitous & a drunken people? Instead of be-
'inga chast and modest, a meek and hum-
'ble, a gentle and composed people, are
'we not become a shameless and immo-
'dest, a ranting and tearing, an hecto-
'ring and God-damning People? Instead
'of turning to the Lord with all our hearts,
'with fasting, weeping, and mourning

'for

'for our sins, have not we turned from 'him with all our hearts; and with laugh-'ing, and with scoffing, and with jeering 'at all Humiliation, Devotion and Reli-'gion? [*Page* 32.] My Commission rea-'ches to those who have called me hi-'ther, and I hope they will not be of-'fended at me, (*If they be, 'tis no great 'matter, sure I am God is well enough pleas-'ed, and therefore, (Reverend man of God) 'let us hear it all out.*) I take therefore 'the boldness in the Name of God, and 'our King and Countrey, to enquire of 'my self and those that brought me hither, 'Whether we also have not fallen into the 'way of *Joram?* Whether we can wash 'our hands of the Universal irreligion and 'debauchery which seems to have over-'spread the Land? [*Page* 34] There is 'one thing I find my self obliged plain-'ly, and clearly, to lay before your Lord-'ships, and it is this.——

"That (as sure as there is a God in "Heaven, a Lord that is higher than your "Lordships: As sure as Christ is now "sitting at his right hand; As sure as "holy men of old, the Prophets and A-"postles were inspired by the Holy Ghost) "If we do not speedily break out of this "way of *Joram*: If we do not our utmost

"to

"to redeem and reſcue the Kingdom from "it, *This our Iniquities will be our Ruin.* "That if after ſo many loud Calls to "Religion, and Virtue, we ſhall reſol- "vedly go on in the wayes of Irreligion "and Debauchery. Or, if we ſhall not "do our utmoſt for the Erraducation of "them, We muſt expect a ſure and "ſwift deſtruction. Wherefore return "now o *Shunamite*! Return. Ariſe and "bethink your ſelves, Men, Brethren, and "Fathers. Oh ye wiſe and honourable a- "mong the People, conſult and conſider! "What ſhall we do that the blood of "of Jeſus may ſpeak better things for us "than the blood of the Righteous Royal "Martyr? what ſhall we do to be ſaved "from Ruin and Deſtruction? wherefore "let us trifle no more, let us ſin no more, "let us fool no more, leſt we fall and "periſh under the condemnation of *Foram.*

Go your wayes and Dye, lay down your Sacred heads with peace and com- fort, (*Oh ye faithful and excellent Biſhops!*) in that ye have ſo fully diſcharged your Conſciences in ſtanding up for God and his holy Religion, and done what you could towards the ſetting ſome bounds, & giving check to the deluge of prophanneſs that is broken in upon us. I will not diſ-

honour

honour these incomparable Persons, by adding any more to strengthen the Testimony they have given against that General Wickedness, my business calling me rather this time to Arraign a particular Vice, that is the very Mother and Nurse of all the rest, and that is *Pride*; yet will I adventure here to subjoyne one short observation of a Bishop too, Whose words will evidence for him the Integrity of his heart towards God in the late Age wherein he lived. The Learned Bishop *Downeham* in a Sermon at the Spittle (called *Abrahams Tryal*,) Thus complains.

"In these times the Godly live among "such a Generation of men, As that if a "man do but Labour to Keep a good Con"science in any measure, although he med"dle not with matters of State, or Disci"pline, or Ceremonies: As for example, "if a Minister diligently preach, or in his "preaching seek to profit rather than "please (remembring the saying of the "Apostle; If I seek to please men, I am "not the Servant of God, *Gal.* 1. 10.) Or "if a Private Christian make Conscience "of Swearing, Sanctifing the Sabbath, fre"quenting Sermons, or abstain from "the Common corruption of the times, "he shall straitwayes be condemned for a

"*Puritan*, and consequently be less fa-
"voured, than either a carnal Gospeller,
"or a close *Papist*. I shall leave the ap-
"plication of this note to the Reader to
"make it as he pleases.

When *Luther* began to preach against the Popes pardons, a friend of his counselled him thus; *As good hold your tongue, the Custom is so strong, you will do no good: Get you into your* Study *and Pray, Domine Miserere Mei*, and get you no anger. So methinks while I undertake a discourse against Pride, and the fooleries of women especially, that are rivited into their Nature, and have gotten sure hold in their hearts (besides the plea of possession out of mind) I were as good hold my peace, for all will be to no purpose. But *Facta est Alea*. Let the Die run as it will, 'tis good to let them see their folly however.

I have often wondred why the Learned Fathers, (*Tertullian*, St. *Cyprian*, St. *Jerome*, St. *Austin*, These Especially, and some other) have bent their Pens so vehemently against the Pride and Vanity of womens Attyre, writing whole Tracts and long discourses about them, when now 'tis so perfectly out of fashion to deal upon these subjects, and our Pulpits so gene-

rally silent, as scarce a Reproof can be heard in a year! Is it because this Sin is reform'd, and our Ladyes now a dayes grown more Modest and Christian, and so not properly taxable of the Vice? Ah no! I trow, our Enquire will find them ten times more guilty than ever were those in the Fathers dayes; Or what? have we not so great a Kindness and Zeal to the Women as they? and do we abate in care to their Souls? I pray God we have not too great a Kindness to them, for which they will Curse us another day. But when I hear St. *Jerome* so earnestly protesting to *Demetrias*, that no *Rayment*, *Ornament*, or *Habit* whatsoever would be acceptable to Christ, but what she made with her own hands, either for her own use, or to give unto her *Grand-Mother*, or *Mother*; Exhorting her therefore that to eschew Idleness (having performed her devotion) she shall take in hand her *Flax* and *Spindle*, (as *Dorcas*) the better to pass the day away, and dress up her self in the Cloth of her own Spinning (and yet this *Demetrias*, a Lady of Fortune and Quality) I cannot but reflect on the idleness of our women, who would huff St. *Jerome* (were he now alive) for the advice that should engage them to so tire-

some a work; the good Father must excuse them, these have somthing else to do than to Spend those tedious hours in so dull an Employ. Yet I remember a Note of Bishop *Babington* [upon *Gen.* 24. 13.] Where the Great *Rebeccah* came out *with her Pitcher upon her shoulder to draw water*——*See* (*saith he*) *the simplicity and Plainenes of those dayes in the Education of their daughters*; *I beseech you, where were those Golden, Silken, Pearled, Idle Dames that our dayes yield, when Water-Pots, and Sheep-Hookes, were thought no hurter of womens hands, by the very Parents themselves*: Nay, *Eliezer* who was there arrived to fetch her away to be Wife to the best *Heir* then in the World, was so farr from liking her the worse, that it was the onely thing that recommended her to his Choice, and the Woman that could be so courteous and humble to draw water for himself and his *Camels*, would infallably make the best house wife for *Isaack*: When now, poor Girles surprised in an unperfect dress, or a foul pair of Gloves, are ready to sink down with fear and shame as if that were enough to brake off the match, not considering how far they impose on the folly & indiscretion of such Addressers, who should respect more the ontward

Niceties,

Niceties, than the inward Virtues, and Court rather the *Cloaths* than the *Woman*; when yet there is not the least pin stuck into head or heart towards a preparation for a better Husband who has told them beforehand that he will come when they little think on't, and commanded them therefore to be *alwayes Ready*, lest they be surprized by *Him* too, and found in such a pickle as will make him abhor them for ever. Indeed *Tertullian* hath advized them to more wit, when he tells them, that if they would *dress them in the Silk of Sincerity, the Sattin of Sanctity, and the Purple of Modesty*, God *himself would not fail to be a Suitor to them.* Sir *Thomas Moore* once seeing a young Lady tricked up in the most excessive Curiosity of Attire, (and I was surpriz'd when I found that *Cornelius* a *Lapide* in his Comment on *Timothy*, has gotten the story by the end) *Mistress*, saith he, *unless God give you Hell for all this Pains and Labour of Dress; Verily He will do you great Injury.* But what said Old *Plautus*, *A Woman and a Ship are never sufficiently rigg'd up:* therefore, said he, if any *Man want work or business for his money, Let him get him a Ship or a Wife.* Yet *Plutarch* tells us, that *Phocian* (the Athenian General) was Sin-

gularly happy in this, who when a great Lady of *Jonia* came to *Athens* to paſs a viſit on her; and ſhew'd her all the Rich Jewels, and Precious ſtones of her Cabiniet; But ſaith this Lady, *All my Riches, and Jewels, is my Husband Phocion.* Indeed thoſe *Athenians* were a politick People, and car'd very little that their women ſhould bare away the ſpoiles of their Eſtate, who therefore had Officers on purpoſe who were to order the Apparel for women, and to take care that no one might wear any thing unbecoming her Place or Degree, and theſe were called *Gynæconomi.* A Committee that ſate on the Female affayrs, to keep them in due Moderation and Order. Very much wanted in England. The like Power had the *Ephori* to correct the *Spartan* Extravagancies, and I confeſs the Laws of *Licurgus* (for youth eſpecially) were ſo choice and remarkable, that the very reading of them would make us reflect on our own impudencies, when (as my Author tells me) the very young men of the City were reduced to ſo high a degree of Civility and Modeſty, that paſſing through the Streets on their Lawful Occaſions, they would wrap themſelves up in their Cloaks, not ſtand prating to every one they met, nor *Gaze*

up and down, but kept their very eyes fixt upon the ground; by which means, in a while, the maſculine Sex excelled in all baſhfulneſs and gravity, the very choiceſt perfections of the Feminine. Their Voices were no more heard, than if they had been *Statues* of Stone, neither were the young Damoſels more chaſt in their Chambers, than were thoſe young men as they walked in the Streets. And does not this make thee bluſh, Reader, to conſider, the Rudeneſs, the Incivility, the Inſolence, the the Wild and Immodeſt Geſtures, and Deportment not of the Males only in our City, but the Looſneſs, the Staring and Gaping, the Idle and Diſſolute Carriage of the very Virgins and Young Ladies who ſet themſelves out on purpoſe to be pick'd up, and Gaz'd on, and turn their back upon every paſſenger, as it were to tell him they are freely at his ſervice. Not to ſpeak now of the ſwarmes of theſe execrable proſtitutes (the Plagues of the Town) that have every Night their ſeveral walks and appartments to ply in; you may find them as *Solomon* ſayes, not in the *Corner of the Streets* onely, but thick in the very midſt of them, and turning the whole City into a Stews. It were well if the like diſpatch of ſome Ship-Loads

of them were made to the Forraign *Plantations*, as in the time of the Usurper there was. And these too, glittering as so many Stars all over in the sparkles of St. *Martins*, the proper Lawful Dress of their Trade by the *Lacedemonian*-Law, who allowed none of these Gayities to any but Whores.

Nor can I but mention another most profitable Law of *Licurgus*, who ordain'd, that the young men of *Sparta* should have frequent meetings in some publick place, where they should Eat and Drink together for a mutual increase of acquaintance and love; but when assembled, their chiefest discourses were ordain'd to be for the better contrivance and carrying on the prosperity and wellfare of the City, on purpose (saith my Author) to avoid any idle or impertinent prattle; and when all finish'd, in due Order and Civility to depart each one to his proper home, and betimes too, without the Least Debauchery, by Wine, lest any notice should be taken of any disorder, in their passage home through the Streets (for Night was to be no mantle to vice, no more than the day had been) so as they were under an Excellent Government, they should take care to honour it by as honest a

Carriage.

Carriage. What, Reader, does the *Wilderneſs* bring forth better fruit than the *Garden*! We are every one ſtriving for the Honour of the Church and the Kingdomes. Let us at leaſt take Example by theſe Heathen, who ſurely were wiſer in their Generation than we. Is debauchery and ſottiſhneſs become the true methods of Honour to ſo incomparable a Government we lye under? and the roarings of our Taverns at midnight quite drowning the Anthems of our Church? Alas, when ſhall we begin with a faithful ſobriety (with theſe *Spartanes*) to bring glory to the *Crown* and the *Miter*, whoſe Honour we ſo paſſionately contend for, yet ſuffer its Jewels to ſwim away in our *Spew*, and then only to diſpute for a Diſcipline, when we have loſt our ſences in the draughts of intemperance, and are not able to ſpeak a plain word.

And further, they were ſo farr from Pomp of Apparrel, that no gain or encreaſe of Eſtate could tempt them to ſo vain a Superfluity; they conſulted the well-Ordering and Governing their Bodies, more than any Exteriour magnificent Clothing; and loved better to have Mony in their Purſes, than to lay it all out on their Backs. When thou knoweſt Reader,

der, what a World of *Byas'es*, appear like Princes among us, yet carry all they have in the World about them, as He: *Long-Coats* and a *Drivelling-Cloth*, is the proper Demonstrative Garbe of a *Natural*, and is not unbecoming for him, who dresses himself up in his whole Estate, and has left not a peny to dine on, but is more ridiculous than *Jack-Pudding*, who disguises himself to get some. There was once a Gallant in a *Velvet-Coat*, and a *Scarlet-Cloak* over it, walking in *Paul's*, where finding himself very hungry, and over-hearing some others discourse of a Feast the *Irommongers* held that day in their Hall, was glad of that News, and resolving to intrude amongst them: No sooner appear'd, then was courteously received and promoted by the *Stewards* to the best Seat at the Table, (as one they thought, who might formerly be of the *Society*, or at least descended from a Father that was, and now had done them the Honour to Grace them with His Worshipful Company) when Dinner was over, and he had lay'd well about him, and brisk'd up his Spirits with Wine: The chiefest of the Company (with whom he Convers'd) were at length so bold to desire him to discover himself, and what

Relation

Relation he had to their *Society*? To whom he very merrily replyed. *O a very near affinity to your Trade, for I my self am a* Monger *too*. They pray him to explain what he meant. *By my troth Gentlemen, since you must know, I am a Whore-Monger*, and have wasted my Estate in my Vocation, so that wanting a Dinner, I supposed the contiguity of our Callings might well entitle me to the Good Repast I I have found among you, and so I bid you adieu. I am afraid it will endanger most of the *Societies* in the City to provide for the multitudes of his Trade and Finery, (that stand in as great need of a Dinner as he) who are Breathing Vivifications of that notorious Truth. *By means of an Whorish Woman, a Man is brought to a piece of Bread.*

Among the Heresies, (*August. de Heres.*) that arose very early in the Church, there started out a *Sect*, called [the *Paterniani*] possibly the Spawn of the filthy *Gnosticks*; whose opinion was, that the upper Parts of a mans Body were made indeed by God, but the lower Parts from the Girdle, they held was made by the Devil, and very fond they grew of their fancy, which they thought gave them a Liberty to do with the Devils part what they

they pleas'd, so long as they reserv'd the rest unto God. Who must excuse them if they imploy that (wherein he had no title) unto the service of the Devil and lust. 'Tis to be fear'd, this *Heresie* insensibly has crept in among us, and gotten too generall an hold; and it were well, if it had not improv'd, and encroach'd beyond it's first limits; but, sure it seemes to battle here in it's own Ordure, and sport it self as in it's own Element. While it presumes to invade the poor remains it has left unto God, and hardly left him an Eye or a Lip for his service. The *Tongue* (the Trumpet of his Honour) is now (as St. *James* said) set on fire of Hell, and and belching out the Infernal Vapours, with *Ætna*, as furiously as the Tayle is reaking with the smoak and steames of impurity and filth. And (which is most pitteous to behold) our very *Ladies* (so far, obeying the Apostle) *yield the more abundant Honour to the less Honourable parts* (which these *Hereticks* say, were made by the Devil, while they are grown so Universally careless of Gods, that (like a solitary Mansion) they desert it all Naked and Unfurnish'd, and leave it all Bare to shift for it's self as it can, and declare to all mankind how ready they

are

are to surrender possession to the Devil. 'Tis pitty: Ladies should be Hereticks too, but their Naked Necks and Shoulders are undeniable Evidences of their Apostacy and Guilt: And acquaint us how little they fear'd that dreadful Judgment denounc'd against the wanton Dames of *Syon* (for the pride of their *stretched-out Necks, and tinckling Feet*) that they hold it a Judgment, if that Judgment be not frequently repeated upon them, while they are half underess'd already to it, and defie the worst that God or man can do against them.

Of Naked Necks and Shoulders.

AN Impudence abominated by the very Light of *Nature*. No sooner (sayes *Tertullian*) did our first Parents perceive themselves Naked, but they sought out for some Covering, though a poor one: And the very *Arabian* Women (saith he) will rise up in Judgment against this Generation [*Quod non caput modo, sed faciem quoque ita totam tegunt, ut uno oculo liberato, corteatas sunt dimidia frui Luce, quam totam faciem prostituere*] Who rather than they will

will proſtitute the honour of their Countenances to publick danger (much leſs their Necks and Shoulders) do furle them in their Mantles all over, and allow but a peeping-hole for one Eye to guide them in the way. The Roman *Sulpicius* was ſo far affronted to meet his wife in publick without her Vail, that he devorced her for that Impudence; ſo impoſſible did he think ſuch a looſeneſs could conſiſt with Vertue, and ſhe that departed from the Grace of her Modeſty, muſt take leave of the Honour of his Bed too.

How have the the *Primitive* Fathers Thundred againſt this inſufferable ſhameleſneſs of bare Bodies, as if wholly irreconcileable to the reverence and ſeverity of the Chriſtian Religion? Where is the Diſpenſation we have gotten for it in theſe days? Can our Ladies ſhew any? Lay down thy Pen, *Tertullian*, and preſcribe no more Rules for Womens behaviour and baſhfulneſs. Here are a ſort of things, called *Chriſtians* of a new Form, that ſcorn thy Arguments to the (unfaſhionable) practice and exerciſe of Vertue, tho thou haſt told them plain enough, *That the nakedneſs of their Breaſts is Adultery*, and that it's *poſſible ſuch as go ſo, may be honeſt, but very few that ſee them believe it*,

it. And thou Father *Jerome*, who once moſt juſtly didſt upbraid the looſe *Jovinian*, for entertaining an Army of theſe new faſhioned *Amazons*. [*Habet in caſtro Amazonas viros ad Labadinem provocates, Mamma exerta & brachio Rado*] Who *with their naked Breaſts ſtrutting out, and Armes tuck'd up to the very ſhoulders, did in that poſture, ſeem rather to challenge Combatants into the Fields of Venus, than make any ſhew of fighting vnder the Banner of a Crucified Saviour*. Let that paſſion ceaſe now (holy *Father*) for he has gotten all the World into his Camp; Who will make thee know, Chriſtianity can connive at thoſe Libertiniſms, indulge againſt thoſe Severities thy froward Spirit did ever abound with. And why haſt thou rail'd againſt bare Necks, *As the flames that conſumed Youth, the Incentives of Luſt, and the never failing Enſignes of an Impudent Mind?* What a ſtorm wilt thou raiſe over thy ſacred Head, and provoke thy excellent Volumes to be doom'd to the fire, their holy *Leaves* to be ſacrificed to the humour of Womens Pride? And what was thy Project (incomparable *Chryſoſtome*) to enter thoſe Liſts with the Ladies of thine *Antioch*; Who dared to ſit down under the droppings of thy flowing Lips, and

the

the ſhowres of thine Eloquence, with their naked Bodies, as if they deſign'd to debauch the Purity of thy holy Affections and Soul! Oh what a Storm did thy fiery Zeal raiſe to ſet them in a trembling! *What, do ye come hither into the Houſe of God as to a Play? Do you come into the Sanctuary of your Maker to make your Conqueſts here? And here to ſatisfy your Senſuality? Do you approach hither to attaque even God too? What, does all this People, this ſoft and wanton delicacy, this affected nakedneſs become the eſtate and condition of ſuch who could have mercy for their Sins? Are theſe the Diſpenſations and Poſtures of Mourners and Penitents?* —— Surely the bloud of their Hearts ſtarted up into their Face and Necks, and all purpled their very ſhoulders, when the aſtoniſhing Thunder fell upon them! But yet, why (Golden Father) waſt thou ſo un-Courtly and down-right to tell thoſe *Naked Dames*, that the very *Devil ſate upon their very Shoulders*, and Pearch'd himſelf upon the little Mounts of their expoſed *Breaſts*, hopping as a *Bird* from one to tother, and greatly pleaſing himſelf with the Rayes they had ſet out for him. Sure thine ayme was to affright them out of their ſins. But alas, all this will not

do,

do, tho they might well be ſcar'd out of their Wits, with the very thought of having a Devil in their Boſomes. It were endleſs *Reader*, to gather up the Teſtimonies of Writers both Ancient and Modern, whoſe Ardency and Zeal for the happineſs of thoſe, (who, God knows, are all dead and cold to their own) ſeems alas, now very perfectly quench'd by the inundation of the Sin and Impudence, They ſo paſſionatly Damned, that the whole *Church* through all the World ſeems totally to deſpair of redreſs, or any tolerable Reformation, and betakes it ſelf (with *Jeremy*) to weep in ſecret for the Pride of thoſe Franticks, leaving God (if he will) to work Miracles upon their miſerable Souls, ſince themſelves can effect no Good in the well and modeſt ordering their Bodies and Habits.

Yet to theſe Primitive Fathers, I ſhall add the ſence of two or three of our Modern *Divines*, and ſhew my Reader how fully they accord with the former. *How many* (*ſays Reverend* Downeham) *do openly profeſs their inward uncleanneſs, by laying open to the common view, their naked Breaſts, as tho it were a Bill affixed to the dore poſts, to ſignify to the paſſers by, that within that place dwells an unclean Heart, and that whoſoever*

will, may there buy Honesty and Chastity at an easy rate. [On Hosea 2. 2.] And another on the same Text. *Whores use to discover their filthiness much in their Breasts, either in the Nakedness of their Breasts, or in those Ornaments they hang about them.* Reverend Mr. *Perkins* hath powred out a flood of Zeal, were it possible to drown this madness. 'The end of Attire is to 'hide the shameful Nakedness of the bo-'dy from the sight of men; why then are 'Garments made of such a fashion as that 'the Neck and Breasts may be left for a 'great part uncovered? But such Per-'sons as these do hereby express the Va-'nity and lightness of their Minds: What 'do they else but even display and manifest 'unto Men and Angells their own shame 'and ignominy? Nay, what do they else, 'but glory in that, which is by the just 'judgment of God reproachful unto them? 'Let all those that fear God and are 'humbled in consideration of their Sins, 'be otherwise affected —— Reader, scorn not the Testimony of this holy Man from the plainess of his words. The name of Mr. *Perkins* is contemptible to none but such as want his humble Spirit.

Come Ladies, what is your opinion of these Holy Fathers? Sure you cannot reproach

proach them as *Sectaries* or *Phanaticks*, who conſpire to bring all the world under their Girdle, as you think. You hear how boldly they have declared againſt the very Sin you practiſe and plead for: Whoſe words believe you, will ſtand the Teſt another day, theirs or yours? the Vice is the ſame now, as it was in the Ages they lived in, and the danger from it the ſame. What ever prejudice you may idlely entertain (from the ſad diſtraction of a divided Church) againſt the preſent *Witneſſes* and *Miniſters* of God. Sure I am, you can righteouſly harbour none againſt theſe Eminent Perſons (the very Glory and Flowers of Chriſtianity) whoſe Piety and Memory all the Churches upon Earth meritoriouſly Celebrate. Who dare to retrieve you from the ſentence they have paſſed againſt your folly? Conſult any worthy Divine of your acquaintance in the preſent Age, and ſee whether he do differ in Judgment from theſe: If I have produc'd theſe few, He will offer you *ten* times as many to corroborate the ſtrength of the Evidence. Do but put the queſtion home with earneſt and hearty deſire to be reſolv'd——whether ſuch a Guiſe or Faſhion becomes the Gravity of a Chriſtian woman, that really hopes to be ſaved, and would glorify God in her life to that end?

I have ſo much confidence in the fidelity of any true ſervant of Jeſus, that in this he will faithfully diſcharge his duty to his Maſter, and your Souls, and deliberately tell you, that not this curſed cuſtom only, but a great many more that abound in your ſex, are perfectly inconſiſtent with the very temper and Holineſs of thoſe Laws and Religion from which they derive the means and hopes of a future Happineſs. The truth is, their appears ſo Univerſal a Degeneracy (in this Age) from the ancient foundation of piety and practiſe that Adorned and Gilded the Generations of old: That if mighty Allowances from the firſt Auſterity, be not granted to our preſent weakneſs, there may be but cold hopes for the beſt of Profeſſors. And how far one may prudently venture an Eternal Soul on the preſumption that God will allow of thoſe Licences we give our ſelves (which himſelf has no where revealed his pleaſure to Tolerate, and his beſt Servants declare that he never will), I muſt tell you, may make you tremble to think on what ever other profeſſion you make, which the greater it is, the more honour ſhould you give it by an evangelical humility and ſelf-denying Spirit, *Adorning the Doctrine of God your Saviour in all things.* And I

direct this eſpecially to the moſt retire and ſolemn reflections of your rational Soul to conſider of and apply: ſure I am, we are ſo far from the complexion of the primitive Chriſtians, that neither our *Faces*, nor our *Breaſts*, nor our *Hearts*, nor our *Habits*, nor our *Practiſes* are the ſame. If the Goſpel call to the profeſſing women, to Apparrel themſelves in conformity, to the modeſty and ſimplicity of thoſe that truſted in God in time of old: if thoſe under the Law ſend out their Cryes to you under the Goſpel to be Civil and Holy, to be Meek and Chaſt; and you can Eccho back again to them that you are ſo, and profeſſors under both are found clad but in the ſame Livory, this will be your Glory indeed, and a Bleſſed Uniformity. But ſhould you make the Goſpel to Vary in its Faſhions, and to be as inconſtant in its precepts, as you are in your fidelity to them; this will look but very ill, and the God who formerly would not abide his Spouſe to be clad in a *Linſey-Woolſey-Coat*, (*Levit.* 19. 19.) will very hardly be prevail'd on to approve an Obedience of more Natures and Colours than that. To ſpeak plain, the Modern *Apoſtacies* may not expect the reward of the firſt *Faithfulneſs*. Nor can

the Attire and Spirit of an Harlot look to paſs with the ſame approbation as that of a Chaſt and Pure Virgin. Remember, 'tis the *Wedding-Garment* of Fidelity & Love can alone ſecure you from being expuls'd with ſhame and confuſion from the Delicacies of the *Marriage Supper*: the Harlotry Dreſſe will have no Acceptation there. Do you know this, Ladies, and will you adventure your Immortal Spirits under ſo formidable hazards, as (if duely conſider'd) would make your very Souls ſhake with far greater trembling, then do your quivering Shoulders under the perſecution of the bluſtering Winds? When the unfortunate *Thamar* ſo freely paſs'd to the Bed of *Amnon*, ſhee had lettle Jealouſy that her ſteps poſted her to the violent Gripes of a Raviſher, who was ſick and uneaſy untill he had perfectly ruin'd her; and when he had done it, had little eaſe too, nor Glory from the Spoiles of her Honour: And are not theſe curſed Vanities as ſo many Raviſhers, that fall foul on, and violate your Virgin affections from God, while ſome of you ignorantly believe there is little danger in thoſe fatal haggs; and others of you conſent heartily to them, and wipe off from *Amnon* the guilt and diſhonour

of

of the Rape, till at laſt having marr'd you from ever partaking of the felicities of the Celeſtial Nuptials, he firſt bolt you out from his own embraces, and the ſhame confine you to a deſolate Eſtate, with the mournful *Thamar*, ſitting ſad and ſolitary, in ſome melancholly corner of her Brother *Abſoloms* Houſe?

But happy were you, if in a provident foreſight of ſo Tyrannous Cruelty, you would preſently do, what ſhe did too late: Rend your Gawdy Coats, and put aſhes on your heads, and cry for revenge to Heaven againſt Pride, the Deflowrer of your Souls: your undreſſing from vanity would be ſo profitable a Nakedneſs, that were you to walk up and down in the Raggs your Repentance had rent into Tatters, the ſhame would be infinite Glory, if weigh'd with the confuſion that will one day ſurpriſe you for the guilt of your inſufferable Impudence and Folly.

When the Iſraelitiſh Dames gave *Aaron* their Jewels to make them a God with, Holy writ (deſcanting on that Act) ſaith, that thereby he *had made them Naked to their Shame*. But was this Nakedneſs from the want of an *Neck-Lace* or an *Eare-Ring?* Alas no, they had put off a *God* to put on a *Beaſt*, *and turned their Glory*

into the Similitude of a Calf *that eateth hay.* And those who shall undress from their Strength above, and strip off the *Spirit of Glory*, that would rest upon them, to prank themselves up in the beauties of Created Lustre, and shine, shall find their Shoulders as Naked as yours, bare on purpose to receive the lashes of Vengeance, which the Executioner, *Justice*, will lay on with severity, and mercilesly multiply upon them.

But, Ladies, why is *Mary Magdalen* set out in the Gospel (the most notorious Example of sin and Grace) but to let you know, that her new *Lover* (who had set into Joynt her broken Soul, and cag'd up her wandring affections in his own Bosome) is as ready to Act miracles for you too, and discover to you the Charms of a Saviour, which a *Legion* of other *Pretenders* can never pretend to Court you with. And though your *Innocency* suggest that you stand in less need of his favour then *She*, yet if Scriptures convince you there are *Adulteries* of the *Breast*, which you repeat every day, and others of the *Eye* and *Heart* which you tempt your Admirers, to as frequent guilt of, I fear you will want little less weight of Sope to wash away your Crimes with; and while they

wear

wear the Crimſon Dye, will require the very Heart Blood of a God to whiten you into Snow.

And ſo far as you reſt unconvinc'd of their Danger, ſo long are you ſtill unhumbled for their Guilt, and by the ſame diſtance kept from the means of a Recovery; ſo that while the groſſneſs of her *Lewdneſs*, the feſtring of her Sores, ſpur'd her on to haſten after remedy and eaſe, your *Dead Fleſh* (for want of Anguiſh) inſencibly betray's you to hugg your diſeaſe, that (as ſome drilling conſumptions) ſtill flatters you on into hopes of life; when (God knows) the ſtaring out of your Shoulder-bones, tell all the World how near the poor Skelleton haſtens into Duſt, and the Spirit within it unto Judgment.

Yet (ere you go) Contemplate on Her who ſo pittied her ſelf, that *Seven Devils* could not keep her from addreſſing a Saviour, (and if you would cover your Necks, you might be welcome too, for ought I know); but ſhould you appear in His preſence in the laſcivious garb you commonly preſent your ſelves abroad in, His Glorious Purer Eyes (*that cannot endure to behold Iniquity*, and are as *a flame of Fire*) would doubtleſs flaſh out wrath and

death

death into your ſhameleſs hearts, whoſe Vanity promps you to ſo profligate a dreſs, as would infinitely incenſe even the meekeſt Spirit of Jeſus, who yet was condiſcending enough to the meaneſt of your ſex in the decorums of decency, and due proſtration, of humility, and a mortified ſence of their wants. And though the poor *Syrophænician* was a little roughly handled at firſt, yet the *Dog* was not ſent away with *Crums* only, but carried home with her the whole Loaf of Mercy.

Hiſtory tells us of Pope *Benedict* the Eleventh, the Son of a *Peaſant* (and a Catholick is my Author) his Mother being brought unto him, in a Rich and Sumptuous Habit, with hopes of being more gratefully received, by the ſplendid appearance ſhe made before him; he turning away his Eyes, ſaid, He could not acknowledg that Woman for his Mother: but afterwards returning in her Ruſtick Attire, he then acknowledged her, and yeilded her all the Rights of a good Son. And ſurely He, who rejecting all the glittering Ladies of the Earth, *Reſpected the low Eſtate of a poor Hand-maid*, Conſecrating her Virgin Womb, (the dreſſing-Houſe wherein he Swath'd himſelf up into Humanity) firſt iuto a Sanctuary,

ſtuary for His Honour, for *Nine* whole Months together, and afterwards Bleſſed Her *Breaſts that gave him Suck*, hath thereby proclaim'd to all the World how far his Sacred Heart prefers the Humble Cells of a pure and Virtuous Mind, before all the Tapſteries of State, and the painted Breaſts of the Flaunting Gallants, who, (as Father *Chryſoſtome* ſays) are rather the Lodges of Devils, than a Saviour.

Alas Ladies, His Holy Eyes have been feaſted with the Glorious Proſpects of Triumphing Virgins, Courting the very Torturing Flames, to uncloath them into Spirit and Immortallity, wherein they might enjoy their Deareſt Lord, while himſelf has kindly deſcended into the Fiery *Chariot* to them, to drive with greater eaſe theſe welcome Gueſts into their Eternal Palaces. While alas you are ſo far from the Ambition of being *Clothed upon with that Houſe which is from Heaven*, that you will not cloath your *Earthly Tabernacle into* that Decency and Holy Form as might invite him to mark it up for an Habitation of his *Spirit*.

And if you will not Sacrifice a Luſt to the Glory of his Croſs, how would you Sacrifice your Fleſh to it? And if you

you will not throw off a vain and condemned Cuſtome by all the Holy Saints in the world, how would you put on the *Pitch'd-Coat* of *Martyrdome*, which *Nero* clapt on the backs of the more faithful Adorers of the Bleſſed Jeſus, to make them burn the better in; That was [*Tunica moleſta*] the Troubleſome Coat indeed unto them. When you cry out for the liberty of your ſhoulders, becauſe it makes for your eaſe, They were contented to double their Torments, and valued not to be ſcalded as well by the *pitch*, as the Flames?

With trembling and horrour may you remember the Great *Redeemer* hanging Naked upon the Croſs, That very Nakedneſs rendering his Death doubly ſorrowful and ſhameful to him, while the rude Souldiers were unconcernedly ſporting themſelves in dividing his Garments among them, and throwing Dice for his ſeamleſs *Veſture*. And muſt you Ladies, needs *Crucifie him afreſh, and put him to a ſecond ſhame?* make him bluſh to ſee your Nakedneſs, and ſeem as little concern'd for his as your own; his ſhame and your own ſin, but alike affecting your inſencible hearts. And if one end of his being Crucified Naked, was to Redeem

deem you to the Bleſſing of a decent Dreſs, from which the firſt *Adam* had ſtripped you, why will you fruſtrate that part of the Redemption, and leave your ſelves Naked in ſo great a part, ſince himſelf has purchaſed Veſtures for you, when his own was inhumanely rent from his Shoulders?

The pittiful plea of *Cuſtome* for it, will drop as *Adams Figg-leaves* did, when his great Maker *Summon'd* him to give Account wherefore he had made himſelf Naked and Miſerable, ſince he had Created him ſo perfect and happy. And (ſure I am) thoſe who prefer a Nakedneſs, (the ſhameful fruit of ſin) before the bleſſing of a modeſt clothing, (the purchaſe of a Saviours blood) will ſhortly tremble as *Adam*, as well for the ſhame they chuſe to themſelves, as the deſpite they do to the Saviour.

And had you that *Scarfe* of *Innocence*, which graced the Breaſts of your firſt *Mother*, the Fathers might have ſpared their Zeal, and rather have envied your Glory: but becauſe ſhe has bared your ſhoulders by her folly, and brought in the curſe of Nakedneſs upon you, 'twould be madneſs in you to hugg the curſe, by continuing that Nakedneſs ſtill, when you know

know how contented she was, to hide her, though but with a *Beasts-Skin.*

But Ladies, shall I send you to the *Royal-Exchange*, where a greater than an Angel, has kept open shop for these *Sixteen Hundered* years and more, and has incomparably the best choice of every thing you can ask for. And because he sells the best peny-worths, Himself condescends to call, *What do yee lack, what do yee buy*; and advises you to *buy* of him. Lord, Hast thou any *Mantoes* for Ladies, made after thine own Fashion, which shall cover all their Naked Shoulders, & Breasts, and Necks, and adorn them all over? Where are they? *Revel.* 3. 18. Brings them forth. There they are, Ladies, and cheap too, at your own Price, and will wear for ever; with this good property, That they thoroughly prevent the *Shame of your Nakedness from appearing*: And if you stoutly pass away, and take them not with you (if there be a God in Heaven) you'l pass Naked into Hell to all Eternity.

Of Painting and Black Patches:

THough the Face of the Creation hath its variations of Prospect and Beauty, by the alternate intermixtures of Land and Waters, of Woods and Fields, Meadows and Pastures, God here mounting an Hill, and there sinking a Vale, and yonder levelling a pleasant Plain; Designedly to render the whole more delectable, ravishing and acceptable to the eyes of men; (could they see his Wonders in the Land of the Living) that he might reap the more free & generous Tributes of Thanksgiving, and Cheerful Celebration of his Goodness in the Works of Wonder. Yet hath he no where given us more admirable expressions of his Infinite Power and Wisdom than in the little Fabrick of mans Body, wherein he hath contrived to Sum up all the Perfections of the Greater, that lye here and there scattered about. Nor is it possible for the heart of man with all its considerative Powers to adore enough the Transcendencies of his Divine Hand, in the Perfections that he bears about him. But amongst them all, omitting the curious contexture of the whole

Frame, raiſing it up into a ſtately ſtructure to ſurvey onely the Glories of the Face, and the admirable Graces that God has lodged in each Feature of it, and then to remember how many Millions of them have paſſed through his hands already, flouriſhed out with a perfect diverſity of Appearance, every one diſcernably varying from all the reſt in different Feature and Meene, and yet every one excellently agreeing with all in the ſame Identity of Aſpect. All this variegated Work miraculouſly performed within the compaſs of a Span, to let us ſee what a God can do when (as the wiſe Potter) he turneth his Wheel, and molds Nature into Infinite *Idæas* and Formes. And though now and then grimneſs and crabedneſs find reſidence in ſome Faces, Providence foreſeeing the neceſſity of Martial Countenances as well as Spirits; Which Hiſtory tells us the *Romans* ever did uſually wear, or put on; That the flaſh of their eyes as Lightning, might accompany the Thunder of their Arms, & both together ſtrike deſpair and death into their Enemies hearts. And one of their *Emperours* was of ſo very frightful a Viſage, that *Speed* a Countreyman of our own tells us, it was as bad as High-Treaſon to ſtand ſtaring on him,

which

which was ever an affront to the terrour of his Face) yet are theſe Rough and impoliſhed pieces but rare, and perhaps neceſſary too, to ſet off the Beauties of all the reſt. (The foiles of Nature have their Place and Office, (like a Fair Lady keeping her Black) The *Bantum* courſer Skins and Features, have not I fear, Reader, raiſed in thee ſo praiſe-ful a Soul for the more Liberal Graces of their Creator to the Nations of thy Climate, and thy ſelf. Who might have caſt us all into the ſame Mold with them; If our eyes gazed on their deformity with aſtoniſhment, why do not our hearts reflect on our own Frame with admiration of the Makers Goodneſs, and our own unthankfulneſs. Some Hiſtorians would fain have us owe the Bleſſings of the Goſpel to that Providence which brought ſome *Engliſh* Children into the Markets of *Rome* to be ſold. Being carried before the then Pope, who (examining them of their Countrey) was told they were *Angels*. Yea *Angels* father, quoth the good Father, and it were a pity ſuch ſhould go to Hell. And thoſe that were ſo happy to be born at *Deira*, muſt be delivered (*de ira Dei*) from Gods wrath. And forthwith (ſay they) he diſpatched the Meſſengers of Salvation to

us. Indeed we are happy in good faces, but very miſerable in ill hearts. Now if God has ſtuck this lovelineſs on the *Male* Cheek, what has he done on *Female*? What Glories? What Tranſcendences of them? What adorable Perfections of Art hath he ſhown, in the drawing thoſe Lineaments which are the ſtupifaction of Angels and Men. Beauty, when attended on by Vertue, Create *Women* very Angels on Earth; when corrupted by Vice, degenerates them into Devils of Hell. Which hath not triumphed in the Infinite Spoiles of mean and vulgar Affections onely (that is their every dayes Tyranny & Sport) unſpirited almoſt the whole Creation; But ſuch as have dragged after them very Crowns and Scepters into abſolute vaſſalage and Chains. The proudeſt Jewels of the Diadem have humbly vaild to ſtick themſelves in the more Imperial Boſom of a Woman, the Sparkles of her eye have out dazled all their ſhine. *Solomon in all his glory* thought himſelf happy in being *Knight* of the moſt Honourable Order of the *Garter*, & ſpun out the very Bowels of his Luxuriant Wit into golden Threds to make Canopies for his Queens to ſit under. Nay ſo ſtrong the Charmes of theſe *Syrens*, that a Veil muſt ſhroud them up in the Sanctu-

ary,

ary, leaſt (as ſome have thought) the very Angels (who hover there) ſhould be ſurprized by their Eyes, and they chance make their victories over then too. And yet Reader, after all the Royalties which the Bountiful Heart and Hand of a Creator hath exceeded in, towards them; After all the Largeſſes, in ſo profuſe a Treaſure, of his choiceſt Graces; All the Perfections of thoſe rare Draughts of his own Divine Hand upon them; Theſe unhappy Daughters of *Eve* (who, as St. *Iſidore* thinks, was Cloathed with Luſtre, as with a Garment, before ſhe fell) muſt dream of yet higher Perfections then what their wiſe *Creator* hath ſtamped upon them: The proud Ambition of theſe unſatisfied Creatures is not terminated in the iſſues of his Wiſe and excellent Work; They muſt be making their Eſſays too, and impudently correcting the Lines of their Maker. Thus you ſhall have them conſulting the *Mirror*, and making a narrow ſcrutiny into every point of their Faces, to hunt after Imperfections, where none are apparent, and have a mind to pick quarrels with the Complexion that God himſelf ſees very Good. Here is not enough of the Lilly, there not of the Roſe, but here and there too much of either. And every where is

needed a new dash of their own Hand. Should an eminent Limner (sayes a Father) who had done his utmost to shew his skill in the drawing a Figure with his most deliberate and exquisite hand, and brought it to the Perfection himself desired, find some pitiful Ignorant besoyling his Work, and mixing in his dawbing Colours with his own (*Pictor sacre excundesceret*, (thinks the Father)

Into what Choler and Passion would such an affront throw the brave Artist! And is God less skilful than the Limner The first we find at this Work was? Madam *Jezebel* (not but that it had been an old practice (very early) among those *Daughters of Men*, Gen. 6. 2.) But she bears away the honour of the first Publication of this unsufferable Insolence, and is Chronicled the great Marrer of her Makers Work.

She was a Lady well fitted with an Husband, to her Humour, That as *Ahab*, there was none so bad. And he a Prince as equally suited with a Wife, for then *Jezabel*, there could none be worse. What a Condition, Reader, was the poor Church in that Reign, whose Priests were shrunk all into one *Elijah*, and whose people so scared into Corners, that one Prophet knew not where to find any, and was afraid

fraid, that himſelf ſurviv'd the onely Faithful One to God in all *Iſrael*, and his life ſought after too, by the moſt narrow inquiſition? O Praiſe God for the Liberties thou enjoyeſt from the Tyrannies of Idolatry. And pray for the Prince that ſhelters thee from them.) For in thoſe days all *Iſrael* went Whoring with *Jezebel*, and painted their Countenances (with her) into the Hypocritical Mummeries of *Baaliſme*, till that one Prophet waſhed off the Paint from their faces, with the very Blood of her 450 Chaplains, and a little reſtored them to their right hew and Complexion again. Such an influence had a painting Queen to ſophiſticate the very face and Profeſſion of the true Religion, and dreſs it up all into black patches with her ſelf. Nay the very Scantling of God, the poor 7000 that were a little more couragious then the whole cringing Multitude, and who had no Knees for *Baal*, were fain to daub too, and made little appearance for God, they muſled their Faith in the dark Clouds of obſcurity, and paſſed their viſits to Heaven with *Nicodemus* by night; While they bore *a fair ſhew* to *Jezebel* all the day.

What was this but *Painting* too? And

though *Ahab* was fleet enough to run himſelf out of Breath into ruine. Yet does his Wife put a Spur on his Heele, and paſſes him, through the back door of *Nabths* Vineyard, a ſhorter cut into Hell. While her ſelf ſhortly after follows him thither, and gets her paſſage quickned as faſt as ever the Horſes Heels could do it, whoſe Feet trampled out her miſerable Guts, and ſcorned any further Execution, but left the Carcaſe to the Dogs. And it is obſervable, that thoſe were ſomewhat ſquemiſh too, for her Hands wherewith ſhe uſed to daub on her Paint, ſo dreadfully ſtunck on't, that the very Dogs loaths them and left them untouch'd----- This is that *Jezebel*.

Of whoſe wicked Trade & practice of Painting, The *Fathers* have not been backward to inform us. Its firſt Parentage and Riſe, others beſides St. *Cyprian* have derived from the very *Devils in hell*, *Apoſtate-Angels*; *Docuerunt oculos circumducto nigrore Fucare*; *genas mendacio ruboris inficere*, &c. *The very Devils* (ſaith he) *firſt taught the uſe of Colouring the Eye-brows*, and *clapping* on a falſe and lying *Bluſh* on the Cheeks, *ſo alſo to change the very natural Colour of the Hair*, and to *adulterate* the

the *true* and *Naked Complexion of the whole Head and Face, with those cursed Impostures*; (and again) *God hath said, Come let us make man after our own Image. And does any one dare to alter or correct what he hath made? They do but lay violent hands upon God, while they strive to mend or reform what he hath so well finished already. Do they not know that the Natural is Gods, but the Artificial is the Devils? Dost not thou tremble*; (saith he in another place) *to Consider, That at the Resurrection thy Maker will not acknowledge thee as his own Creature? He will then say, This Creature is none of my Framing. Where is my Image? No, no, Here is a new Complexion clapped on the Skin. She hath adulterated her very Hair too, and her whole Face*; *The very figure of it is Corrupted* [Vultus alienus est] *It is quite another Countenance. Canst thou be so Impudent to look on God with those Eyes which are so different from those himself made, and are now so marred by the Devil? Get thee hence, thou wast but a follower of the Devil, thou hast the very Red and Glazing eies of the Serpent in thine head; as thou hast been thus Corrupted by the Devil, so now get there into Hell-Fire with him.* Thus that excellent Father,

St. Jerome *seconds him, Quod facit in*

Facie

facia Christiana Purpurissum Cerussa, &c. *What makes the White or Red Varnish, and Paint in the Face of a Christian? Whereof one sets a false dye and lying Tincture on her Cheeks and Lips, the other an Hypocrital Fairness on her Neck and Breasts, and all this onely to inflame young and wanton Affections, to blow up the Sparks of Lust, and to shew what an whorish and impudent Heart dwells within those daubed Walls? How can such an one weep for her Sins, when the very tears would wash away the Colours, and discover the Cheat? The very falling down of them would make long Furrows on her Face? The Painting the Face is the deforming of Gods Image and Workmanship, and is most damnable,* saith another. *But let those that are ugly and deformed, rather endeavour to fix a Grace on their Persons, by the lovely exercises of vertue, then think to repair themselves by the stinking Collusions of Paint:* (saith another) *If we are Commanded to endeavour not our own onely, but Neighbours Salvation* [*quomodo fucis licebit uti, qui sunt Gladii, Venena, & ignes Juvenum aspectantium*] *with what conscience can men use Painting and false Dye, which are as so many Swords, Poisons, and Flames to burn up the Beholders,* Saith Peter Martyr. *The* French *have a good Lituny, De trois choses Dieu nous garde,*

&c.

&c. *From Beef without Muſtard, a Servant which overvalues himſelf, and from a Woman which Painteth, Good Lord deliver us*

To what purpoſe are thoſe Garments ſo Pompous, Thoſe Stuffs ſo Coſtly, Thoſe Guizes ſo ſought after, Thoſe Colours ſo Fantaſtick, ſo ſhameleſs, Thoſe Curles ſo extravagant, thoſe Patches ſo abominable, unleſs it be to Cut the Throat of Chaſtity, ſays another.

Lewis the Eleventh, King of *France* in his Melancholly Humour, ſtrongly fancied, That every thing ſtunk about him, all the odoriferous Perfumes, or fragrant Savours his officers could get for him, did by no means drive away the conceit, but ſtill he ſmelt a filthy ſtink. And ſurely all the Perfumes of *Arabia*, (the *united* Sweets of the whole Creation) Reader, were they gathered into Bags, and hung under their Armholes, will never take away the rankneſs and fulſomneſs of thoſe unſavoury Creatures, who ſtink alive, as they move about, infecting the very Air, and bringing Plagues upon us, Nauſeous Fumes into the very Noſtrils of God, and his Holy Angels. I could collect an *Univerſity* of Writers that have all damn'd this impudent and graceleſs practice to the Pit of Hell, but I haſten from the ſcent of them.

For

For I begin already to feel the power of *Lewis* his Imagination arising from my very Pen, and am affraid I have mistaken the *Complexion-pot* for my Standish.

But hold! to what purpose is all this daubing and smearing the *Face*, that is so pretty already? What do the Ladies mean by it? What is their end? Why, to appear desirable, and to win the repute of a Celebrated Beauty. A glorious Conquest! (yet not half so fine, as the aiery Lady *Carnation* that bears the Name, which God himself has Painted in the Garden.) But is this all the Plot? Can those Ruby Cheeks be satisfied with the Aiery Bloomes of Report, and Reputation? Wind is but a poor repast for an Hungry Stomack, sure there is something more at the bottom. Yes, to win a Gallant; very well, and what then? Will one content her? Will she leave daubing then? No, then she daubs to keep him. But this is uncharitable, cannot an honest Lady Paint? Ask God himself, *Ezech.* 29. 40. *Thou washest thy self, and paintest thine eye, and deckest thy self with ornaments*, to what end? *And sittest upon a Bed* (In a readiness against the Lover come in) *Will she now commit Whoredom*, Verse 43. That is, without doubt *They went in unto her*, Verse 44. And there is the

depth of the Plot, and what a matter have you ferretted out? True indeed! no such matter of wonder now adays, if we consult my Lord of *Hereford*, who plainly tells us, they *are so far from hiding the Plot, that* these painted *Jezebels* enter into the very Houses of the (Married) Gallants, Where their poor Wives are forced to lock themselves up, and cry to God against them with bitter tears. So while the whole Congregation were mourning before the Lord (on a very humiliation day) pouring out their brinish tears for the Whoredoms they had committed with the Cursed *Danghters of Moab*, even then comes an Insolent Prince of *Israel*, *Zimri*, with his Painted Whore in his hand, flanting it impudently, into the Seat of her Gallant, in the very Sight of all the People, she not affected with the least shame, nor he with the least sence of the Plague that (in that very moment) was raging in the Camp. Which Insolence was so insufferable, that God stirred up the spirit of *Phineas* by a sudden inspiration to act execution upon them both; and under the very guilt to dispatch away their filthy Souls unto Judgment. And for these *Zimries* and *Cozbe*, Great and Imperious Prostitutes, to be thus shameless

in a time, when the Plagues of God are multiplied so thick upon us, that we cannot tell, whether the next blow may not be the sealing up of our utter destruction, and the whole Nation so sick as it seems near to an expiration, fetching its sad and long broken and fainty Breaths. At such a time, for these *Moabitish* Wenches sent in on very purpose to ruine us with their bewitching eyes and Painted Cheeks, and Gallanting it so shamelesly in our streets, this I confess, *England*, looks like the kindly effects of the Execrable Councel of the *Sorcerer*, who knows no other way to confound us, but by Whores.

VVhose *Black-Patches*, are but our *Blew* ones, and the very Tokens of Death upon us; Toll the Bell, Sexton, and get the Graves ready, for the doleful crie of the Fatal Carter, calling to us; *Bring out your Dead, Bring out your Dead*, is sounding in our streets. VVhile these Infectious Pestilences, vvith the very Spots of contagion upon them are suffered to rove up and dovvn (as you knovv it is the very Nature of the Disease so enviously to breath out its killing blasts, upon every face it meets vvith) and not an Officer zealous enough to confine 'em to their Lodgings (for prevention of further mischief)

chief) and to charge them to prepare for their Graves.

And methinks the Mourning *Coach and Horſes* (all in black) and plying in their *Foreheads*, ſtands ready harneſs'd to whirl them to *Acheron*, though I pity poor *Charon* for the darkneſs of the Night; ſince the Moon on the Cheek is all in Eccliplſe, and the poor Stars on the Temples are clouded in Sables. And no Comfort left him but the *Lozenges* on the *Chin*, which if he pleaſe he may pick off for his Cold; But will find as little comfort in them, as they that wore them, and leſſer in the whole voyage, when opening their mouths, he ſhall find no Silver there for his Fare, and will diſcover them (as we) but *Patches* ſtill.

But what! am I playing with the Pendants of their Herſe, and profanely ſporting, while the miſerably *Dead* are hawling into Hell! Let me bleed my heart out rather for them. While the very Coſins of the proud Daughters of *Jeruſalem* ſwim in the River of my Saviours Tears, becauſe his Sighs were too weak to blow off their *Spots*.

Tertullian, in a proſpect of theſe and other their infinite Vaneties cryed out, (*Tertul de Habit. Mulier*) *O Mortuæ & Damnatæ Mulieris Impedimenta quaſi ad pompam Funeris*,

Funeris, constituta. What are all these but the Baggage of a Dead Creature, and already Damned, prepared for the Pomp of her Funeral into Torments.

For how desperate must the condition of those be, who have wip'd away the Graces of the *Regenerating Laver* that once beautified their Faces with the vertues of that *Holy Water* which issued from the Crucified Saviours Wounds, to Baptise themselves with the unsavoury *Unctions* of the *Devils preferring and devoting* their *persons* preserving them the more unalterably to *his* service. Whose Cursed Interests they are so superstitiously bigotted to, that (like the late *Plotters*) they receive the Sacrament every day, and Crucifie the Church not by their *Apostacies* onely, but *Heresy* too.

And because the Holy offerings of God by special Command were to be without *Spot* their politick *Master*, to ensure their Reprobation, has bespotted them all over, and marked them up for his own Workmanship (*as* well knowing the Priest of Heaven at a distant discovery of those prohibited *Blemishes*, would rather sacrifice those to the wrath of *his God*, that should dare present these *Leopards* to the Altar: Who wearing on them the badges

of

of Hell, are yet ſo far from the ſhame of that horrid Relation, that they are firſt ſecured from the Grace of bleſſing, and ſo well ſeaſoned to the *Sodomitical* Impudence, that while the *Show of their Countenance does witneſs againſt them*, they are proud to declare *their Sin and Maſter*.

VVhat Magical *Rods* have charmed our unfortunate *Iſle* into the woful product of ſuch *ſpeckled* and *ſpotted Cattel*, as theſe? Sure I am, they are not the natural iſſue of our fair and beautiful Clymate. *Stow* tells us in his Chronicle, That from one *Spaniſh Ewe* brought over and placed among other Sheep, there followed ſo ſtrange a *Murrain* that moſt of the Flocks of *England* dyed. And is there no danger in theſe *Ring-ſtreaks? Jude* informs us what a plague the coming in of ſome black Sheep (that were all *Spots*) proved to the poor Flock of Chriſt that fed among them; and are not theſe the very bane of Religion profeſſed by us, the very open enemies to the Purity and Peace of the Goſpel?

The *Immaculate Lamb*, who bled himſelf to death, to ſcour away filth with the Drops of his heart, that he might make a *preſent to himſelf of a Glorious Church, without wrinkle or Spot, or any ſuch thing, but holy and without Blemiſh, and offered himſelf*

without Spot unto God, to that end, and who does dotes on the Beauty of her that is *all Fair, and has no Spot in her*, hath Commanded us to be found *without Spot and Blemish*. And though these Creatures fancy the Scripture-spots to be of a deeper stain than theirs, yet even theirs are *not the Spots of Gods Children*, but such as (the Fathers assure them) were first invented by the Devil, who hath stuck them faster to their *hearts* than their *Foreheads*, (in their love and delight in them) That they will stab once more, even *Jesus* himself, with the Speer of this madness, and throw the very *Spittle*, (that sticks on these *Patches*) into the *face* of God again, rather than be prevailed with, to cast them away, no, not for the sake of his *Blood*: And if that powerful charm hath no Efficacy to unseal their (I fear judiciously) obdurated hearts, (yet they can melt into Luxury fast enough) What effect can I look for from my weak and contemptible Ink? Let them know though, (even All) whose painted and spotted faces bear an Eye (yet) able to light them to the reading of this very *Paragraph*, That One of their Sex, (whose Repentance I fear, they will not imitate, whose Felicity therefore they can never hope to attain to) will certainly

certainly confront them in the day of the great Judgment (whoſe exemplary Penitence cannot operate them to the ſame bleeding remorſe, (no not the ſhadow of it, that ſo paſſionately afflicted her gracious Soul) The great Lady *Paula*, who under the lighter guilt of a rare and infrequent practice of theſe Fooleries in the days of her ignorance, with Floods of bitter Tears and heart breaking Sobs and Groans, ſo continually bewayled her Sin to her Maker, that St. *Jerome* her Confeſſor, who himſelf tells us the Story [*a nobis admonitur, ut panceret oculis*] in a tender compaſſion to her very eyes, was forced to uſe arguments to begg her to ſpare them. *No, no,* (ſaith ſhe) *That Face that ſo often hath been Painted contrary to the Command of God, does juſtly deſerve to be all befould with tears. That Body muſt be chaſtened a while on which I have ſpent ſo much time in in tricking it up. I have been merry long enough, 'tis high time to betake me to weeping: Now my fine Linnen, and Silks and Ornaments, are very fit to be changed into Hair-cloth. I that have made it my buſineſs to pleaſe my Husband, and follow the Faſhions of the World, now ſhould endeavour to approve my ſelf to my Saviour.*

And never while the works of the Ho-

ly Saint *Ambroſe* ſurvive in the World, will the account of the unparalel'd vertue of the famous *Spurina*, be loſt in oblivion, who in her Gentile and Pagan Eſtate, was ſo great an Admirer of Purity, That being a Virgin of incomparable Beauty, and bleſſed with all the advantages of a deſirable face, was therefore ſought for and courted by many wanton Lovers, and woed to make a Sacrifice of all her Glories to the Luſts of her Admirers; Did therefore to allay and extinguiſh thoſe unlawful fires, all hackle and cut her excellent Cheeks, making Wounds and Scars in them on purpoſe to be free from the Solicitations of thoſe who were even diſtracted for her. And I will inſert the Application of the Story, which cannot be mended by a better Pen, then his that wrote it.---*O thou Chriſtian Woman, who doſt paint thy ſelf with an ill intention, ſeeking to gain that by impoſture, which thou canſt not attain by truth, and not ſatisfying thy ſelf with adulterating thy Beauty, ſpareſt not to diſcover among company, a ſcandalous nakedneſs, to ſhew in thy Breaſt the impudence of thy Fore-Head. Conſider a little what thou wilt anſwer to this Paynim with all thy Curioſity, when her Blood, her Wounds, her Scars, her Beauty diſfigured, which ſerved*

as a Sacrifice to her Chaſtity, ſhall accuſe thee before the Inevitable Tribunal.

Saint *Jerome* in his Directions to *Læta* for the right ordering and vertuous Education of young women, hath theſe very words, (not unworthy to be taken notice of by all Chriſtian Parents, on whom the like charge and care is incumbent.) *Accuſtome her not* (ſaith he) *to wear Pendants in her Ears, nor to Paint, nor to load her Neck and Head with Pearles; Neither let her change the Colour of her Hair, nor Curle or Criſp it up with Irons, leaſt it prove a prediction of Infernal Flames. Beware ſhe go not forth with* Dinah *to ſee the Faſhions of the Maids of the Countrey. Let her not be a Dancer, nor gawdy in Apparel. Let her read good Books, and never go abroad without the knowleage of her Mother. Let not a young Pretender whiſper things into her ears, but cauſe them to ſpeak aloud, that the reſt may hear.*

The advices of this Father are ſo perfectly out of Faſhion, & immodiſh in theſe days of ours, that its become even ridiculous and impudency to preſs them; and my deſign of inſerting them, is rather for Lamentation of the ruins of the Primitive Piety, then from any great hopes of a careful Imitation, or practice of them. While

the ſhameleſs immodeſty of too many of our Ladies, makes me more to venerate the memory of the Lady *Margaret*, Sole Daughter and Heireſs of the great Duke of *Burgundy*, who by a fall from her horſe having broken her Thigh, choſe rather to dye then to expoſe her ſelf to the inſpection of the Chirurgeons; yet what that Lady did from an innate Principle of baſhfulneſs, and perfect reſpect to the honour of Feminine Modeſty, the ſame are ours acting too from another of deſperate obſtinacy; for though they have long ſince fallen from all the Ideas of Vertue and Goodneſs, (yea from the very pretences to it) and by that ſlip have crack'd their Honours, wounded their reputations, diſlocated their peace, disjoynted their Conſciences, and endangered their Salvations, yet are they ſo far from thoughts of ſetting again their broken Bones, ſearching into the bottom of their Wounds, applying Lenitives to aſſwage the Tumours of their bruiſed Conſciences, or Corraſives to eat out the dead Fleſh that is about them, That they deſperately take up reſolutions of dying too; even theſe will be modeſt forſooth, and keep their Gangrenes to themſelves, bravely bear the burning of their feſtring ſores, running up and down bleeding

bleeding inwardly, even to death; but ſo they can ſet a good face on the matter plaiſter over the Orifice of the Wound, and daub it with the Mortar of a gawdy Swathe, and a few fine Clouts; this anſwers all their projects: Their Ambition is no higher than the Hypocriſy of thoſe who flaunted up and down with a painted Profeſſion of a ſuperficial Goodneſs, and appeared like *Sepulchres*, which when open'd yield (of all other) the moſt nauſeous ſtench. And for Painted Ladies to yield nothing elſe but Mummye and Bones, is very Melancholy to conſider.

But this is not all, for amongſt ſome of them, the fury of the diſtemper hath ſeized on the very Brain, and utterly deprived them of their Sences. You may hear them raging as Madly as ever did frantick in *Bedlam*, and grown into a perfect inſenſibleneſs of any pain or diſtraction upon them, as God knoweth they feel no more Ach, and fear no more danger, than thoſe that have reached the impeccable Eſtate: Nay will ſwear they be the beſt Saints in World, and have done nothing but what they dare anſwer to their Maker; they rail againſt others more modeſt than themſelves, and *Fanatacize* the whole *Church*, that in pity and kindneſs to their lanugiſh-

ing Souls do but offer the benefit of the Holy Offices to them, and would apply the moſt probable remedies, whoſe vertue might prevail to reſtore them to their Wits. The good *David* once was put to it to counterfeit a Madneſs for the ſaving of his life; but theſe, a cruel one for the damning their Souls. Therefore as *Achiſh* ſaid, *Lo you ſee the man is mad*; ſo methinks I hear God ſay, *Shall theſe mad people come into my houſe?* And what have I to do with them any longer?

Of Perukes and Hair.

WHat a Buſſle have we had about Plots of late, and cries againſt *Popery* coming in? When any that had but half an eye might have ſeen Pope *Joan* in the *Chair*, and ſitting as *Head* of the Church at leaſt twenty full years already. Don't you perceive many thouſands that have rounded themſelves into *Prieſthood*, and wearing the *Mark of the Beaſt* very confidently in *their Foreheads*? Nay the devout Ladies ſo obſequious as to travel

up

up and down with her *Bulls*. But the poorer *women* (in a Flame for her Government) by whole ſwarms do thwack up the *Nunneries*, and have offered up their Hair very humbly to the Abbeſs (according to Order) in full reſolution to take up the *Veyle*. So the Streets are full of the *Monks* with their Hoods on. And the *Friars* every where Peep out of their *Coules*. Not a young Fellow that takes pet againſt his Noddle for catching the leaſt Cough or Cold, but ſtrait in revenge, off goes his Locks, and himſelf is ſhaved into *Orders*. Leaving the Kingdom as naked of good Subjects to their Prince, as poor *Spain*, (whoſe Souldiers the *Pope* has gariſon'd up in his Monaſteries) That ſhould occaſion come for an Army to be raiſed, a third part muſt conſiſt of *Holy Fathers*. The Rents of her Holineſs far exceeds all that ever her Predeceſſors received from this Kingdom, and upon ſtrict account taken of her yearly Revenues, (as heretofore) will be found I fear to vie weight with the Kings. Her *Collectors* paſs boldly up and down through every Corner of the Land to gather up the *Materials* of her *Worship*, and have Authority to break open all the *Dove-houſes* and *Meal-Tubs* to dig for *Salt-peter* to make *Powder* with;

which

which is an absolute Right to her Honour derived from the very first Founder of the *Papacy*. Nay the poor Countrey *Girls* cannot keep their Coifes on, for these Officers that have Commission to dig into the very *Mould* of their Souls after *Oare* of all Colours, whether *Or*, or *Argent*, or *Azure*, it all serves to make *Shrines* to the Glory of the Goddess, and tis much the *Goats* escape the *Inquisition*; and the poor *Shocks* will I fear be brought in for their *Peter-pence* towards the Maintenance of the *Frizzes*: Thus with the *Egyptians* we are building goodly Temples to the Honour of a Deity. But when the Votaries come to pay their Devotions there, they find nothing else but the stately *Pusse* in Her Majesty, who because she changes her *Coat* so often, has at least a Thousand *Taylors* and their *Journey-men*, very hard stitching up the *Pontificals* of her Dress, which hang up for publick view and Sale, (as *Diana*'s Shrines) for very Strangers to buy up, and bear away as the Medals of her Glory into every Countrey of the World, whose *Traders* are grown to so prodigious an height, that one of them passing off the Stage (in the Pride of his Business) left yet behind him an Inventory of some Thousands, which far surmounts the

hopes

hopes of *Ten* poor *Heretical Prieſts*, to attain to, in all the long ſeries of their ſweat. So Deliciouſly do theſe *Idolaters* fare, at *Jezebels* Table, when the poor Prophets of Heaven are put to it, to bite a piece of brown Cake at a *Widows*. And to ſpeak plainly, forty or threeſcore pound a year for Perriwiggs, and ten to a poor *Chaplin* to ſay Grace to him that Adores Hair, is ſufficient Demonſtration of the weakneſs of the Brains they keep warm. And let me take the boldneſs to manifeſt a few of the ill Conſequences of this *Idolatry*.

Firſt with the Womans Hair we have put on her Art (not of *Cookery* and the *Kitchin* only, and become *Hen-Houſewifes* as my Lord *Hereford* tells us, but) of the *Chamber* and the dreſſing Room. Tricking up our ſelves into as delicate ſtarch'd, up a poſture as ſhe. Some of us have gotten the *Boddice* on, to make us look ſlender and pretty; And the *Epicene* Sleeves do very well fit both the *Her* and the *She*. The Sleeve ſtrings are tyed with the ſame Curioſity and the *Val de Chambre* that cannot knit the knot *Allamode*, is [illegible] way as a bungler in his Trade and Profeſſion. The Ladies Point, drawn together ſerves well for a *Crevat*, with a Grace while the poor Collars (to make way for a

naked

naked Neck too) that was uſed when we were Boys, to chuckle us under the Chinn, and bid us look up to Heaven, like *Severus* his Tutor, is put to Death, for breeding us up too Civil. The Ribbon at the Hilt of our Sword, is Security againſt his being drawn, while we fix it there, (as *Cupids* Knights) with no other deſign but to help to wound the Hearts of the Ladies.

2. And who ſees not the happy Victory, that we have gotten *their very Hearts* in our Boſoms; as cloſe as their Hair on our Heads: Not their Effeminacy only, but Weakneſs too, and have perfectly ſhav'd away all our Virility and Proweſs (which formerly made Earthquakes in the world, and the now-formidable *France* hath trembled at) our Swords lye dangling on our Thighs, with the ſame Luxury, as as our *Wiggs* (of the ſame length,) ſport themſelves on our Breaſts. And if we paſs on at this rate, we may wear the Babylonian Character, Jer. 51.30. *The mighty men have forborn to Fight, their Might hath failed, they became as Women.* What car'd the great *Alexander* for ſix hundred Thouſand ſuch *Perſian Women*, who with another Army of Singers, Dancers, Perfumers, Cooks, Butlers and Tart-bakers, came to oppoſe him? Will thoſe Eyes

Dart

Dart fire in the face of an Enemy, that are dazl'd in the Glitters of the Theater? Will men hope to prevail while they push with the brisles of a Woman instead of a Pike? well may those Lances shiver into their own eyes, and muffle up their sight, but never will they pierce Terrour or Wounds into the Heart of an Adversary. Had the *Black Prince* and the brave *Talbot* gone thus accountred into *France*, the *Flower-de-Luces* had never perfumed the Royal Arms of *England*. *Philip de Cominis* tells us, that after the Skirmish which *Charls* the Eighth of *France* had with the *Venetian* forces at *Fornove*, the Ground was all strawed with the Gilded Bourdenasses of the Vanquished, which the *French* picked up in abundance; but what sport would it make after a Battel here to carry away an Army of Periwiggs? If his *Majesty* was once justly incens'd against that Vvigg that whiffled into the Eyes of a Schollar, and disturbed his Preaching, how much more would he be, and with what Zeal would he Rattle off the Idler Humour from the Shoulders of his Souldiers, which would hinder them from fighting, since the Glory of his Nation depends on their Valour?

3. And

3. And thirdly with the womans Hair, (we may leave out the R. and find) we have gotten her Heat, and God who hath given us over to ſhave away our own, to put on her *Glory*, hath juſtly hardened us to glory in the ſpoiles of the whole Body, as in thoſe of her Head, while ſhe with reaſon and vaunt enough triumphs in the Ruines of our Strength. Is it a wonder to find our ſelves bald and weak, while we are ſlumbering in the lap of *Dalilah?* Alaſs when her Curles are twiſted about our very heart, and twind themſelves there to inſnare us, can we marvel if our Locks are ſheer'd off in our ſleep, to make way for the hanging of hers, when our folly puts the Sciſſars in her hand, and we cannot wear hers and our own. And I wiſh, that Treachery may abate our *Heat*, when the Mercinary Hands are ſtill at work, that receive the price of our Bloods, to ſtrip off our honour and ſtrength, and ſend us poor Slaves to the *Mill*. Since we have found the women ſo kind to ſell us the Hair from their Heads, we have encroached on the freeneſs of their Natures, and think they may as well, make a prize of all the reſt. And God knows the Age hath not found them overſhie of trading. Hiſtory tells us, that in the time of *Septimus Severus* his time

time at *Rome*, there were threethouſandIndicted ofAdultery,but were all impeach'd that are guilty here, the *Clerk* of the Seſſions need not care to change place with the *Judge*.

4. And 'tis no leſs obſervable,that ſince we have worn theſe *Coronets* on our heads, we have forgotten our Obedience to our Prince, and thought our ſelves his very *Peers*. You cannot imagine what fancies it creates in our Nodles by its heat. At Grand *Cairo* they hatch all their Chickens in Ovens, on purpoſe heat to the degree of production; but who ſees not ſince our Brains have been fired by theſeFurzes what Serpents the CockatricesEggs have produced. While our Gallants ſtant along not a ſtep without the graceful Attendants ofthe tall Yeoman with their Halberts, guarding each ſide of their Shoulders. What can they think themſelves leſs then Kings? The Grand Seigniour with all his golden *Peichi's* gliding mutely along by his ſide, can never raviſh himſelf in the lofty conceipts of his Glory to that Degree, that an Empty skull'd *Squire* does now in the dancing of his Aubrey Treſſes about, while he looks out here & there to feaſt his eyes on the fancied Subjects that admire him. *Mahomets* Pigeon inſpir'd a Rebellion which hath

hath envaſſelled two parts of the World under it: And what know we, what Malignant Influence the dangerous whiſpers of theſe whiffling Flatterers into the addle Brains of ſo many *Hot-ſpurs*, may have upon our peace? Can you diſtinguiſh a *Barber* from a *Juſtice of Peace*, who ſtalkes with a Port as ſtately as he? and talks as politickly too, as if he had ſpruc'd himſelf into the *Councel*. It is certain till Law oblige us to wear our own *Wool* on our Backs, and our own *Hair* on our own Heads, we ſhall never Coole into that ſence of our due diſtance from the Grandeurs of Majeſty as we ought. No ſooner had *Iſrael* trim'd themſelves up into Gallantry and LongLocks, but they ſhook off their obedience to Heaven it ſelf; *We are Lords.---we will come no more unto thee*, *Jer.* 2.31, 33. Nor is *Abſaloms* Story any news to us.

And who conſiders the vaſt contributions that are collected for this Uſurper through the Kingdom! When Princes and Nobles have diſpatched away their Groans over the *Alpes*, to implore a Ceſſation of thoſe loads that have almoſt crippl'd them from *Rome*, we can ſuffer theſe to lie conſtantly on our Shoulders without the leaſt ſence of their Burden.

Though

Though Chriſt paid *Peters* Tax for him by aMiracle,from the mouth of a Fiſh, yet would it be a greater,(ſhould his Succeſſor come to gather here again) if he abate a farthing for the charges we are at for our Poles.

Our Anceſtors were wiſer than we, who kept this Tax in their Pockets, which helpt to maintain their Tables, and would hardly have eaten a Crumm, had they found but an Hair in their Diſh, while we are Curling and Powdring up ten thouſand, that fly into our mouths all dinner, and cannot make a Meal in peace for 'um.

To better purpoſe would this Hair be employed, ſhould we be put to the ſhifts that once the poor Citizens of *Bizantium* were, when under the extremities of a three years Seige by the *Romans*, and almoſt ready to periſh, having occaſion to patch up a Fleet, under the want of Cordage, were fain to make uſe of the Womens Hair; Which they poor Wretches very cheerfuly cut off, and gave them to inch out their Tackle, and though the whole Navy miſcarried by a Storm, yet was not their zeal the leſs laudable, who did it for the ſaving of the City or themſelves, when ours do it for no good at all.

'Tis ſome comfort yet, (though our City Eſquires continues their *Heatheniſh* Length, which God hath ſo damn'd in his Word) That our wiſer Gentry of the Countrey, have of late religiouſly ſubmitted to *Circumciſion*. And though they have done it with *Sechem* in politick deſign of fair *Game*, Yet would they hunt the brave *Doe* ſtill the better, would they quite lay down her artificial Nets, to try how Nature would weave one.

And they need not fear *Abſaloms* Fate, ſo long as they hunt not a Father. 'Twas the ſhort Cut of that poor Princes obedience; that made his very Hair turn Rebel, and hung him up under an Oak, to receive the reward of his King-hunting.

But though *Abſalom* was graced with a Natural Perriwigg, that was both his Pride and his Plague, yet a good head of Hair is ſo vulgar a Bleſſing, that we find it as common to the Beggar as the Prince, and he that dares not for his Ears boaſt the glory of his Blood, may yet compare with the beſt in the fineſs of his *Locks*.

The truth is, if the Houſe be well furniſhed within, in every Room as it ought, the Brain will find wit enough to excuſe the unhappy want of *a Buſh* without, which ſeldom prove ſo fatal to any, as poor *Æſchilus*,

chilus, whoſe Bald Pate, when miſtaken by an Eagle for a Stone, ſhe let fall a Crab upon the poor Poet and killed him, who had ingeniouſly written the tragedies of others, but foreſaw not that of his Skull; This Age would have taught him to have prevented that ſtrange Accident by covering it over with *Moſs*. And though *Eliſha* underwent the reproach of his want of Hair, from the Children that more wanted Grace, yet had he *Shaggie* Creatures enough at his Call, to puniſh their inſolence with death.

'Tis ſtrange what *Plinie* Records of the *Romans*, that they never knew the uſe of Barber till four hundred fifty four years after the building of their City, when in the time of *Scipio Affricanus*, they were firſt brought in out of *Sicily*. *Antea Intonſi fuerunt*. Before that it ſeems they hackled off their Locks with their Knives. But however Rough and Uncomb'd they were then, Sure I am they grew Curious and Spruce enough afterwards; for *Plutarch* tells us of the two Boundleſs *Heroes* that admitted no Superiour nor Equal; The Great *Pompey* was ſo nice and effeminate, in the formality of his Hair and Sleek Locks, that he was noted, *for ſcratching his Head with one Finger*, & once ſuffered

publick Scoff from the impudent *Claudius* for it, in the midst of the Rout of *Plebeians* who joyned with him, to second that Reproach. And *Suetonius* witnesseth of the other, that he was so over curious of his Head and Beard, *Ut non solum conderetur diligenter, ac raderetur, sed velleretur etiam*; He would not onely be shaven very precisely, but his extravagant Hairs even pluck'd.

But what shall we think of his Successor *Augustus*, who when he felt the Assaults of Death, invading him, called for his *Looking-glass*, and commanded his Hair and Beard to be Combed [*Et Malas Labentes corrigi*] his Rivell'd Cheeks to be smoothed up, then asking his Friends, if he had acted *his Part well upon the Stage of the World*, who told him he had; Well saith he, *Vos omnes Plaudite.* Sure he went off very trimly.

Homers lofty quill very often sticks in the LongHair of the *Grecians*, whom he almost everywhere Epithites χαιτηκομόωντας Ἀχαιούς

Nor are our Neighbours of *France* (from whom I suppose we have derived it) without the known Note of Distinction for this vanity [*Cometa Gallia*] and are fam'd to be the *Bushy Lock'd French.* But what the modesty of *England* hath been in former

former Ages (however vain enough in other Fooleries, yet) ſure the Galleries and Dining-Rooms of our Nobility and Gentry of the Kingdom will abundantly teſtify from the brave images of their Anceſtors, whoſe open ears never valued the coldneſs of the Winds, but which would glow to have heard the monſtrouſneſs of their Childrens Ell-Wiggs. To look no further back than K. *Henries* days, (vvho had face enough for tvvo Kings, and Wives enough for three, and yet Hair little enough too) vve may eaſily collect vvhat vvas the gereral Cut, from an act of the Lord *Cromwell*, vvho meeting a fellovv in *Cheap-ſide* vvith his Locks ſomevvhat too long, commanded him avvay to the Barbers forthvvith for the execution of his Sciſſars. Who alſo threatned to lay him by the Heels, and humble his Feet, vvho prided himſelf ſo much in his *Head*. And Wiſe King *James* vvho knevv vvell enough vvhat belonged to his Health, had an *open Ear* to the brave Cry of his Hounds, as vvell as the complaints of his people, & refrained not one hunting-Match vvhich *gave* him hopes of Sport, out of dread that he ſhould pay dearly for it the next day by a *Cold*.

The Noble Prince *Henry* (vvho had he lived, had played the Barber) as ſome-

time *Commodus* the *Emperour* vvas vvont) & not have ſhaven the Crovvn of *Popery* onely, but even have cut off the very *Ears* and *Noſes* of the Prieſts from ever having hopes of ſmelling out the old *Monaſteries* again; (and ſurely *Chelſey Colledge* vvas pretended to be the Shop for that execution) this *brave* Prince, followed his great Father, and gave his *Ears* to his Councel and *Cut* together. And 'tis impoſſible but the great influence of ſo Illuſtrious Preſidents ſhould prevail vvith the vvhole people to follovv the Royal Example of ſo great a King, and ſo good a Prince, in that Age.

And doubtleſs the ſame had continued till this day, had not a violation happened to that excellent cuſtom, if I miſtake not, from this occaſion. The *Puritans* in the Reign of the Royal Martyr, to diſtinguiſh themſelves from their Neighbours, took on them an extraordinary ſhort Cut, and their Neighbours in oppoſition to them eſpouſed a long one, becauſe they would not be reputed *Round-heads*; and in nothing outwardly were the two Parties ſo much differenc'd as in their Hair, and happy had it been that the quarrel had ended in the Barbers Sciſſars, which we all know brake out afterwards into the long Sword, and inſtead of plucking each other by the ears

a little, they fell to ſtabbing one another in the Guts. So that the miſchiefs which the Barber might have prevented at firſt, had he kept an even hand on both parties, and ſheered them both to an equal Cut, all the wit of man could not prevent from running into *Commodus* his bloody ſhaving, and cutting off ears and Noſes together with their Hair.

But as once *Veſpaſian* upon the apparition of a Blazing-Star which was thought to portend his death, wou'd needs clap the ſignification of it on the *Perſian* King, *for he* (ſaith he) *hath Buſhy Locks, but I am Bald*, jeering both him and himſelf together, though afterwards it fell on himſelf. So I pray God both Parties may take warning by what is paſt, and take heed of mocking each other, leaſt falling out about even Goats-Hair, and the ſmalleſt matters at firſt, we break not forth into Flames which are not ſo eaſily quenched.

I cannot paſs away from this diſcourſe of Hair, without minding the Ladies of the beſt uſe that ever was made of Hair in the World, And that by her too, who had made the worſt uſe of it; The never to be forgotten *Magdalen*, whoſe Golden Locks had been the Fetters that had Impriſoned ſo many hearts to her unlawful

Love, are afterwards weaved into a *Towel* to wipe her Saviours Feet, whom ſhe had firſt bedewed with her Tears; Not that they had need of cleanſing by any tears that ſhe poor Creature could ſhed, but that both water and Towel might receive a cleaneſs from them. And *Mary* by that Act did but weep her ſelf into Purity---Let the Ladies that have Curled and Powdred their Treſſes into Nets to catch poor Lovers in, learn (with her) to unlooſen them again unto the ſame ſervice, by waſhing the Feet of his indigent members on Earth, and wiping away their ſorrows by the gentle ſtroakings of their Charity.

And for others of them that build *Towers* of Arrogance and Pride againſt God, where rather a Valley of Humility and Meekneſs ſhould be flatted, I wiſh they would remember, how the great *Nimrod* was baſled in the ſame deſign, whom God ſmote into ſo perfect an aſtoniſhment and confuſion that he had not one intelligible word to ſay in excuſe for his Folly. And I fear theſe will be *Speechleſs* too, when the King of Heaven ſhall come to take a View of the Dreſs of his Gueſts; and let them not forget the Brains of thoſe that were daſhed out, upon whom the *Tower of Siloam fell*; ſecuring their weak heads from ſuch

Hazards

Hazards by the politick courſe that the Holy *David* took, in making God himſelf his *High Tower*, and not raiſing others againſt him.

Should he ſend out his *Angels* (as once he did, and yet every day continues to do) to *mark thoſe in the Forehead* for ſafety, that ſigh for their own and others Sins in the City, the very *Frizzes* would hinder the good Angel from ſetting on Gods, when he ſhall find already the *mark of the Beaſt upon them*, ſet on by themſelves; the poor Creatures, while they little think on't, ſealing their Foreheads to deſtruction. But I have been too long about the Ladies head and Necks, and had not I learned this tedioufneſs from themſelves, ſhould have diſpatched them long ago. *Dum comantur dum maliuntur Annus eſt.*

Of Apparel.

THere are two things I ſhall ſhortly diſpatch about Habit and Apparel.

1. The Veneration and Reſpect that other Countries have for their National Dreſs.

2. The

2. The reaſons of it, ariſing eſpecially from ſome apprehenſions of Fatality accruing to ſuch as too lightly have aſſumed the Faſhions of others.

3. How *England* hath been too juſtly Taxed in all Ages of this Levity.

To the firſt I need ſay but very little, it being generally known how moſt Nations in *Chriſtendom* (the *French* onely excepted) have been and ſtill are devout and ſuperſtitious Adorers of their Countrey Habit. So tender are they of their Reputations, that they will not ſuffer under the Aſperſion of being accounted giddy and unconſtant by their Neighbour Nations. The very *Turks* as well as the *Spaniards*, giving us an example of an unalterable devotion herein. And very Remarkable is an old Decree of the *Ruſſians* to this purpoſe, That [*tam in Cultu Numinis, quam in Apparatu Corporis, Moribus Legibuſque uti preſentibus, etiamſi Deteriores ſint*] They were reſolved as well in the matter of their Religion, as in the manner of their Dreſs and Apparel, to ſtick to the Laws and Cuſtoms then in force, yea notwithſtanding perhaps there might be found ſome defects in both. So loath were they it ſeems to introduce any new Faſhion or Invention that men of mutable and new-

Fangled

Fangled Spirits ſhould preſent unto them Yet by the Favour of this *Ruſſian* Edict, it cannot be denyed, that After-Ages have found out thoſe abſurdities both in that Religion and Dreſs of Antiquity, as have well enough juſtified their modeſt endeavours in the Regulations of both. Till *Popery* give us a better Teſtimony of its ſuitableneſs and proportion with the grand *Pattern* received from the *Mount*, then of late it hath, we cannot ſo eaſily be brought to repent of our Departure from the ſtrange and ridiculous extravagancies of it. And it were enough ſhould I hang out to view one of the Suits that was generally worn heretofore in *England*, where you had a Dublet all jagg'd and prickt, the Waſtband coming down but a little below the Armholes, guarded with eight long Skirts; to this Dublet was claſped a pair of Breeches cloſe made to the Body, and whoſe length muſt make up the defect of the ſhortneſs of the Dublet, The large and ample Codpiſs ſupplied the want of Pocke s, which came up with two wings faſtned to either ſi'e with two points, which unknit made way to the Linnen Bags, tyed to the inſide between the Shirt and Codpiſs, theſe Bags held every thing they carried about them, except the Gloves, which

ever

ever hung very reverently at the Girdle. Where hung a Pouch made fast with a Ring or Lock of Iron, weighing at least two or three Pound, whether there was any money in it or no. The like I could give of the womens Gowns, and shew the madness of the Fardingale, and other whimsies---But the Galleries and Parlours of most old Families are set out with such disguising Postures, as better will evidence them to the view of the Reader, then I care my Pen should do at this time. What different Cuts have we our selves known from this discribed? What huge Breeches, like Petticoats? What Slash'd Dublets? What guarded Breeches with such huge sets of Points round the Knees, that were invented to hide the *French-pox*, by forceing men to straddle above a yard wide. These and many others are in fresh memory; but putting them all aside, how more exceedingly decent and graceful is the present Cut of our Gentlemen, answering all the parts and members of the Body to a more Civil and proportionable end. Always however be excepted the incomparable Tunick and Vest, so very comely in it self, so very advantageous to the Drapers of the Kingdom, perhaps the most grave and manlike Dress that ever *England*

gland ſaw, which had the unhappineſs to be brought in too late, and the hard Fate to be ſent out again too ſoon. And would have anſwered all the expectations of publick Commodity pretended by the Woolen Act, ſo that had our Gentlemen pleas'd to have danc'd in them any longer, the Farmers would very cheerfully have paid the Fidlers. But we can never hold when it is well, ſuch an influence hath the *French* Pipe to make us ca-per after them, in all their Follies, to our own diſhonour and Ruine.

I mind therefore in the next place to repreſent to the Reader the dangers of ſo great a Levity. Neither is Scripture ſilent in its menaces againſt ſo prodigious a Folly: We know who hath threatned ſuch as Cloath themſelves *in ſtrange Apparel.* But becauſe examples are more prevalent to work upon us, I have endeavoured to look into Hiſtory, which hath furniſhed me with three or four not unworthy of the Readers moſt ſerious peruſal and application.

Don *Sebaſtian*, then King of *Portugal*, what time this humour infected his Subjects of attiring themſelves after the *Caſtillian* Faſhion, all the Noble Perſons and Gentlemen practiſing nothing more than

to

to ſpeak the *Caſtilian* Language (which it ſeems is very elegant and expreſſive) with the ſame ambition as we do the *French*, between whom and them there was no very natural kindneſs neither, but a very bitter Antipathy, *hating* the perſons whoſe Language they lov'd. It pleas'd God that *Sebaſtian* dying without iſſue, and the Crown lying at Stake as the Golden Ball for every Pretender to venture at, who but King *Philip of Caſtile*, run faireſt for it, and with an eaſy ſtretch got it ſet on his head, to the general ſorrow, but little redreſs of the diſcontented ſubjects. To whom afterwards he proved no very Favourable Prince.

In the year of Chriſt four hundred and twenty, the *Grecians* whoſe habitations bordered upon the *Turks*, took fancy to cloath themſelves after the *Turkiſh* manner; they which before were wont to wear Long Beards, which ſo very well became them (quoth my Author) Cut off all, and left the *Muſtachioes* onely, and practic'd to follow them in all their actions, till anon comes an Army of *Muſtachioes* and ſubdued them to a perfect Slavery to this day.

Although we know their Ruine was both Propheſied and certainly determined

as

as the dreadful punishment for Crucifying the Lord of Life; Yet I find too, that the *Jews* (for about thirty years before the final destruction of their City and Temple by *Titus Vespasian*) had gotten a custom to impose no other names upon their Children but such as were *Roman*, nor would wear any Garments but after the *Roman* Guise; their very Arms for War, and Souldiers Cassocks, were in all respect like theirs, striving to imitate their Fashion and Garb very intirely, whom so suddenly after they so dearly suffered under.

Cæsar in his Commentaries hath an Observation to this very purpose, That *Divisions* and *Animosities* rising up among the *Gaules*, they began to hate each other to that degree, That one Party among them separated from the other, by the visible distinction of their Dress, betaking themselves, some to the *Roman* Fashion, some to the *Almaine*, and left the use of their own short habits and close Breeches. Which was but as it were, a prediction of the Calamity that soon after fell upon them from the *Arms of* those *Romans* whom they had so apishly followed.

But remarkable is the Story of the Great *Darius*, whom several Authors affirm to us, to have changed the very Fashion of his

his Sword from the Ancient *Persian* into the *Macedenian* Fashion, but the very year before *Alexander* invaded and ruined him; Which his Diviners interpreted truly, into what afterwards came to pass, *That those should come to be Lords of Persia, into whose Fashion Darius had altered his Sword.* What application shall I make of all these Stories to poor *England?* If not onely our mens Swords, and Cassocks, and Perriwiggs, and Boots, and Breeches; But our very Ladies Mantoes, Petticoats, Points, Shoes, Hoods and Laces, be not of the *French* Fashion onely, but the very Productions of the Countrey; if no proper handsome young men can be picked from the Sons of our Yeomen and Inferiour Gentry, to make *Val de Chambres* to our Gallants; if no hand but a *French* one can serve to Trim and shave our Beards? No Cut but a *French* Taylors to shape our Cloaths; No Languge but the *French* to serve our Tongues; no Religion but the *French* to content our Souls; I pray you what will be the end hereof? There is a disease among us called of that Name too, I pray God it be not too Epidemical; if it be not gotten into our Bodies, sure I am 'tis gotten into our Heads, while we set our selve to study and contrive nothing more than

than to pleaſe our Fancies with the Levities of the *French*. And how little did he merit the happineſs of our good Cloth and Beef, of our good Laws and Religion, of our Native Immunities and happy Liberties, who declared he had rather be ſerv'd by a *French* Dog than by an *Engliſh-man*.

What care and prudence hath been uſed formerly by other Nations for the prevention of publick detriment from the extravagancies, and vain exceſs of Apparel, I have already inſtanc'd from the *Athenians* and others, from the City of *Venice* &c. To which I will onely here adjoyn a Memoire, of the Law *Sumptuaria* which *Numa Pompilius* eſtabliſhed, and which prov'd ſo exceedingly advantageous to the proſperity of the then *Roman* State, *Ut in exequiis Epuliſque*, &c. It was provided by that Law, that all their profuſe expence in Funerals, and all exceſſive uſe of fine Cloths at their publick meeting and Shows ſhould be utterly laid aſide; by due obedience and execution of which they quickly came to find the preſent Commodity and benefit by extirpating thoſe two voracious Gulphes that ſwallow up the proſperity of any Kingdom that is in the World, delicacy of fare and ſumptuouſneſs of Attire. And to ſhew you what inconveniences this eſpecially of ſumptuouſneſs of Apparel, hath at all times brought to poor *England*, I ſhall go back to Queen *Elizabeths* days, and give you a remarkable Survey of it, drawn by a Gentleman of good Quality and Underſtanding. Repreſenting it to King *James* in his Book dedicated to him, (ſavouring of the Language of that Age) wherein he thus paſſionately deplored it to the King.

Our Engliſh-men more then any Nation of the World hath been ſhamefully branded among For-

reigners for their disguised Fashions, and sumptuous Habiliments beyond the bounds of Prudence, Moderation and Hability. Some women after a preposterous Fashion attired like men in Dublets, and some men like women in Petticoats, this excess hath so exceedingly dispersed it self in our Nation, that by their exteriour new-fangled Robes the wisest of our Adversaries in Forreign Parts have past their Judgments of our giddy minds, and unconstant behaviours, inwardly saying, That in wearing *Dutch* Hats, with *French* Feathers, *French* Dublets, with Collers after the custom of *Spain*, *Turkish* Coats, *Spanish* Hose, *Italian* Cloaks, and *Valentian* Rapers, with such like; we had likewise stollen the vices and excesses of those Countries which we did imitate Natural. Besides what a shame was it for us to be noted for this exorbitant excess, that base Tailors, and others which work as Hirelings, aspiring to that abominable and indecent singularity, should equal themselves in the cost and Fashion of their attire with some of the greatest Barons of this Land. *A* Fault not to be imputed to the Laws, (for those are precise and strict in such comely considerations, but in the dissolute and intemperate affections of people, which instead of a little Liberty, make a Licence at large, Tyrannizing upon the *Princes* gentle disposition and Lenity. *Hence* it was that the Nobility to distinguish themselves by this outward aport of their Degrees and Riches from the Rascal Rabble and base Ruffians, were driven to most extream charge, that they might make a difference of themselves from them, equivolent in proportion. *W*hich course if the Queen her self had kept, answerable to her State above some Ladies and others in the like analogy, she might with

with eaſe have conſumed an unſpeakable Maſs of Treaſure (*Yet Reader, 'tis known that Queen Elizabeth did not ſpare for Coſt in her Clothes*) By this means the Eſtates and Subſtance of Taylors, Craftsmen, and other Mechanicks, was daily more encreaſed, and the Fortunes of our Gentry utterly exhauſted. VVhich Leproſy did in a little ſo ſpread it ſelf in this Nation, that divers Livings of very ancient *Demeſne* and Inheritance, which had continued in ſucceſſion from many Grand Fathers of one Race did hang up in Taylors Shops, and were piled up in the Merchants Coffers. This Emulation of exceſs having further prevailed, grew to ſuch outrage, that when proper maintenance fayled in ſome to ſupport ſuch *Riot*, they violently or ſecretly took from others, turning open *Robbers*, or ſecret *Pilpherers* to ſupply the ſame. VVhich hath been the demoſition and confuſion of many Noble Families, *And* perſons, lately great in worldly Reputation, and others in private want, purchaſed by their own intollerable profuſeneſs, have periſhed in their peſtilent practiſes, tending to the common ruine, for ſatisfaction of their unſatiable *Appetites*.

This being the Teſtimony of a Gentleman, no otherwiſe concern'd it ſeems then from the Inconveniences ariſing to the Commonwealth, by this profuſeneſs, and Lamenting the ill Conſequences of it on that account, without any reſpect to the Sinfullneſs of it, as a Provocation bringing Judgment upon a People where it ſhould thus exceed. I ſhall therefore to him add a Divine living in that very Age, that you ſhall hear breaking out into this Complaint.

Is there any Nation this day upon the face of the

Earth comparable to us in this Abominable Sin of Pride? *(Mr. Teins Leproſy of Pride.)* Our Exceſs in Apparrel, will ſay no, wherein both Men and Women of all Eſtates, and degrees from the higheſt to the loweſt, from the Courtier to the Carter do monſtrouſly Offend. Servants are in their Apparel more coſtly then their Maſters and Dames, Yeomen and Yeomens Sons are herein equal to Gentlemen of good Worſhip, Poor and mean Gentlemen compare with Lords, Lords with Kings, and Ladies with Queens. What will become hereof at the laſt? What is now become of that Moderation in Apparrel that formerly hath been in this Land? When every one went habited according to their Orders and Degrees, whereas now Gold, Silver, Velvet, Sattin, Fine Cambrick, and ſuch other coſtly things are worn by very mean Perſons, againſt the Laws of God and man, againſt all Commonwealth, and contrary to all good Examples of our Fore-Fathers; which things rather belong to Kings and Princes, and to Peers of the Land, then to mean Subjects. As Men and Women exceed in the Subſtance of Apparrel, ſo alſo in the form they daily ſhew forth their Abominable Pride in their Inconſtancy; for no Colour, Form, nor Faſhion long contenteth them, One while we Imitate the *Spaniard*, another while the *French*, one while the *Italian*, another while the *Dutch*. Every Nation is a ſeveral Pattern for us.---Let theſe proud Peacocks but remember to what end Apparel was appointed by God at the firſt, verily for a covering to hide our ſhame. *Diogenes* ſeeing a proud young fellow ſtruting and priding himſelf in his fine Clothes, *Sir*, ſaith he, *remember that the Sheep hath had your Coat on his back before you.* What Vanity is it for

us

us to be ſo curious in our Apparel, to take ſuch Pride herein as we do, we rob and ſpoil all Creatures almoſt of the world to cover our backs and to adorn our bodies withal; from ſome we take their wool, from many their Skins, from diverſe their Furrs, from ſundry their very Excrements, as the ſilk which is nothing elſe, but the very Excrement of the worm; not content with this, we come to Fiſhes, and do beg from them their Pearles to hang about us, we go down into the ground for Gold and Silver, and turn up the very Sands for Precious ſtones. And having borrowed all this of other Creatures, we jett up and down, provoking men to look upon us, as if all this were now our own, when the ſtone ſhineth upon our Finger, we fancy our ſelves to ſhine with it, when the Silver and Silks do gliſter on our very backs, we look big, as if all that beauty came from us. It is reported of *Athanaſius*, that when he ſaw a woman Apparrelling her ſelf in Proud Attire with Gorgeous Array, he fell a weeping, and being demanded why, *Becauſe*, ſaid he, *all this Preparation is for her own Deſtruction.* But our nice and Mincing Dames in *England* whoſe whole Life is ſpent for the moſt part, in Study and Care to Deck, Paint, and Beautify themſelves, will hardly be perſwaded by that holy *Athanaſius*, that they beſtow all this coſt upon themſelves to their own Deſtruction.

Becauſe theſe ſeem to be more private and obſcure, I will yet add another, which you muſt look on as a Singular Witneſs for God againſt the Pride and Vanity of that Age. The moſt famous *Edwin Sands*, who dyed Archbiſhop of *York*, and who was ſo Faithful to the Intereſt of Religion, as Mr. *Fox* tells you.

I do not Condemn all Apparrel that is Rich and

Stately, yea such as is Costly and Gorgeous may be fit for some Personages and States, I do not doubt but Hester *and* Judeth *did wear Gold, and were Gorgeously Deckt, but if* Paul *and* Peter *did live in our days, they would not spare the Vanity of our Women, much less of our men. The vain and Monstrous Apparrel of all other Countries and Nations,* England *hath scraped together, and in a Bravery put it on, the Estimation whereof is little, a light wavering mind matched with a vain proud Heart, desireth a light, vain, strange, proud, and monstrous Apparrel to cover and clad it, but Sobriety is content with that which is seemly*

And in his Sermon before the *Parliament*, recommending this one evil to their prudent considerations as fit to be redress'd, being so dangerous and very grievous---*As our principal care must be for the higher matters, Sincerity and Unity in Religion, so may we not pass over other matters, which need redress Gorgeous Apparel; and sumptuous Diet may seem small things, but they are the causes of no small evil. They eat up* England, *and are therefore to be repressed by strait Laws*---And elsewhere in a Sermon before the Queen, he expresseth himself pathetically, and it is worth your noting.

Ezechiel teacheth that the Sins of *Sodom* (that Sink of Sin) were *Idleness, fullness of Bread, Pride and unmercifulness to the poor. Are not these the Sins of this Land, of this City, of this Court, at this day? Half* England *liveth idly or worse occupied, we be fed to the full, and who is not puffed up with Pride? And who relieveth his Neighbours wants? No man is contented with his own Estate, but every one striveth to climb higher and to sit aloft,*

there

there is want of the true fear of God in all ſorts and Eſtates and Ages, yet we pleaſe our ſelves and walk on, as if God either ſaw not our Sin, or elſe would not puniſh it! Surely our Sins will not ſuffer his Plagues to ſtay long from us. What Plagues, I dare not preſume to Propheſie, for God hath kept that ſecret to himſelf. But I ſtand in fear that we are the men to whom Chriſt ſaith, The Kingdom of God ſhall be taken from you. *That we are they whoſe Sins will bring the Scepter of this Kingdom into the hands of an Hypocrite,* [*Know Reader, that this was when the Papiſts expected ſo highly the Return of their Religion at the Death of Queen* Elizabeth, *And that made the heart of this good man ſo bleed in that conſideration; he goeth on*] *If God in his Juſtice do this, wo worth us moſt wretched men! The Loſs of the Goſpel is the Loſs of our Souls, and the Loſs of our Soveraign, the Loſs of our Lives. Truly when I fall into conſideration of the wickedneſs of this world, that all ſorts of men fall to ſinning with greedineſs, that in all conditions Iniquity doth abound and Charity wax cold, that the Zeal of God is utterly dried up in the Hearts of Men, that God is ſerved for Faſhion ſake, and not in truth, what ſhould I think but that God hath gathered his Lap full of Plagues, and is ready to pour them down upon us?*

And thus you ſee how God hath ſtirred up his Faithful Prophets to drop down their teſtimony againſt this poor Sinful Land for the Pride and prophaneſs thereof in that *Age*. Let us come down to King *James* his time, and ſee whether the matter be any whit amended, and one might juſtly expect it, becauſe they lay under the obligations of a new mercy, in diſappointing the expectations of the

Enemies of the Gospel, by the coming in of a *Protestant* Prince, who so zealously by his Learned Pen contended for the Truth. But we shall find this Vanity still triumphing in its full vaunt and Glory; and I shall not disparage so holy a Witness as Bishop *Sands*, by subjoyning a mean or unworthy Person to him, but will call forth the sweet spirited and excellent Bishop *Hall* to give us his Evidence against the Pride of that *Age* wherein he Lived, and besides others (which I omit) I will shew to what height the Women were grown at that time, from a Sermon of his Preached at the *Spittle*.

O God to what a world of Vanity hast thou served us to? I am ashamed to think that the Gospel of Christ should be disguised with such disguised Clients; are they Christians or Antickes in some Carnaval, or Childrens Puppets that are thus dressed? Pardon I beseech you, Men, Brethren and Fathers, this my just and holy impatience. VVho can without indignation look upon the prodegies, which this mis-imagination produces in that other Sex, to the shame of their Husbands and scorn of Religion, and damnation of their own Souls? Imagine one of our Forefathers were alive again, and should see one of those his Gay Daughters walk in *Cheap-side* before him, what do you think he would think it were? Here is nothing to be seen but a Vardingale, a yellow Ruff, and a Perriwigg, with perhaps some Feathers waving in the top; three things for which he could not tell how to find a Name: Sure he could not but stand amazed to think what new Creature the times had yeilded since he lived; and then if he should run before her, to see if by the foresight, he might guess whar it were, when his eyes should meet with a powdred Frizzle, a painted Hide shadowed

with

with a Fan not more painted, Breaſts diſplayed, and a looſe Lock ſwing wantonly over her Shoulders betwixt a painted Cloth and Skin, how would he more bleſs himſelf to think what mixture in Nature could be guilty of ſuch a Monſter. Is this the Fleſh and Blood (thinks he) is this the hair? Is this the ſhape of a VVoman? Or hath Nature repented of her work ſince my days, and begun a new Frame? It is no marvel if their Forefathers could not know them; God himſelf that made them, will never acknowledg that he never made, the Hair that he never made theirs, the Body that is aſhamed of the Maker, the Soul that thus diſguiſes the Body. Let me ſay therefore to theſe Dames, as *Bennet* ſaid to *Totilaes* Servant—*Lay down that you wear, it is none of your own*: All the world knows that no man will rough-caſt a Marble VVall, but mud or unpoliſhed Rags; that falſe art, inſtead of mending Nature, mars it. But if our perſwaſions cannot prevail, hear this ye Gariſh *Popingays* of our time, if you will not be aſhamed to Cloath your ſelves in this ſhameleſs Faſhion [ſee how the Spirit of this Meek *Moſes* raiſeth into indignation, againſt this madneſs, that all the world knew to be ſo mild and tender of it ſelf [God ſhall Cloath you with ſhame and confuſion; hear this ye plaiſter-faced *Jezebels*, God will one day waſh them off with Fire and Brimſtone,

See Reader what a Faithful Witneſs this holy and excellent man was for God, againſt the Pride and Folly of that day.

To this famous Witneſs for God, Let us adjoin another of his own Order, as Zealous and Faithful as himſelf, the worthy Biſhop *King*, who bears his Teſtimony for God againſt the Rage of this folly that Ruffled ſo proudly.

Throw

Throw away your Robes, and coſtly Capariſons, You Kings and Queens of the Earth, (You that are not ſo by the Ordinance of God, but by your own Uſurpation, that take ſuch honour upon you not being called thereto, but bear the Bravery of Princes, the Royalty of *Solomon* upon your backs, throw away your Robes) Leaſt he give you a rent that gave you a Garment; and Clothe you with worſe then Leproſy, that hath hitherto Cloathed you in Honour and Beauty. But why do I ſpend my time in ſo impertinent an Exhortation? Faſhion brought them in, and Faſhion muſt bear them out. I would to God our Preaching were in Faſhion too, for then we ſhould win both men and women, we uſe all the Faſhions therein that our Commiſſion can extend to, we preach in Seaſon and out of Seaſon; we bring forth old and new, and yet without Succeſs: Faſhion brought in Silks and Velvets at one time, and Faſhion brought in Ruſſets and Grayes at another; Faſhion brought in deep Ruffs, and ſhallow Ruffs, Thick Ruffs, and Thin Ruffs, Double Ruffs, and no Ruffs; Faſhion brought in the Vardingale, and carried out the Vardingale, and hath again revived the Vardingale from Death, and placed it behind, like a Rudder or Stern to the body, in ſome ſo big, that the Veſſel is ſcarce able to bear it. When God ſhall come to Judge the quick and the dead, he will not know thoſe who have ſo defaced that Faſhion which he hath Erected. —What hath undone both Gentlemen and mean Men in our Country, ſo much as their back and Belly; Pride and Profuſion. VVhat means ſhall we uſe to cruſh theſe Vipers among you? Declaiming will not ſerve, Denouncing of the Judgments of God are here found unprofitable by over-long Experi-

ſnce; have we not beaten your Ears a thouſand times with Faithful and earneſt Detection of theſe Monſters Pride and Prodigality, Strangeneſs of Apparel; and what have we gained, but as if we had preached but Fables? *Ninivi* repented in Sack Cloth and Aſhes, Stuff of the courſeſt VVool, and VVorkmanſhip of the Simpleſt faſhion their wits could invent, but we in our *Silks* and Velvets of *French*, *Italian*, *Jewiſh*, *Turkiſh*, *Barbarian* Helliſh Devices, for either we repent not at all, or theſe are the guiſes and ſhews we bring in Repentance. Theſe are the weeds we carry, I ſay not to the Theatres to be ſtared upon, Nor to the Kings Court where Rayment is more Tollerable to be worn, but with theſe VVeeds we go to the Temple of the Lord, and as boldly preſent our ſelves there, as if the favour of God were ſooneſt won, by ſuch Intemperancies, whether we be a People defiled or Corrupted as theſe in *Niniveh* were, we are not ſo ſhameleſs to diſſemble, and whether Prophets have been among us, as *Jonas* was in *Nineveh*, let their wearied Tongues and Sorrowful Soules for their loſt Labour witneſs another day.

Application to the Gallants.

SEe'ſt thou yon Coachful, Reader how they glide
With all their Glittering Glories as they paſs?
The rich Oare ſpun all into threds of Gold,
And thoſe wrought into Flouriſhing *Flowers* do ſeem
Reſtore the Gallants to their primitive ſhine.
Were not a poor Neglected *Soul* within,
Shivering with cold, diſhevill'd and all torn,
Not daring yet to ſend up one poor Groan,

To

To Heaven for *Liberty*, but hugs its Chaines:
Lets go and Confidently Addreſs e'm Reader.
They ſeem the *Monuments* of Love Divine,
All over with Characters of Grace *Engrav'd*,
Through ev'ry Seam of their Embroidered Coats,
Glorious as thoſe who covered all in *Silk*:—
(And wore Heavens *Gold* & *Silver* too) were crown'd
In all Perfections of a ſtately Dreſs.
VVhich only ſerv'd to court the whoriſh world in,
And threw them into Scorn, and baſe diſdain:
'Gainſt him who claſp'd on all and was ſo kind.
——————————————At laſt
Himſelf came down to viſit theſe gay Princes,
Who took Offence at his poor plainer Coat,
And was not *God*, becauſe he was not *Fine*.
(Yet at his will could ſend out ſparkling Beams
That turn'd his *Ruſſet* into Cloth of *Gold*,
Could gliſter too, if that were Happineſs)
And having nought to do, ſat down and wept
A Pearly ſhowr that would have melted Stones,
Any but thoſe whoſe Hearts were yet more hard.
If thou, even thou——The reſt ſwims all in tears.
Chanting the Notes of their ſad *Tragedy*,
As if himſelf had been the *Dying Swan*.
Whilſt they were jolly all, and ſoorn'd to ſigh
But what's *Jeruſalems* to the Gallants caſe?
The very ſame, they flanted out in Luſtre,
And were as high as he can be for life,
Ran from their Happineſs with equal pace,
Miſtook themſelves for *Lords*, as he does too,
And ſcorn'd to vail the Top-ſail of their Pride
To any God in Heaven; ſo does he;
Their Sin, their folly is the very ſame,
A Vanity that will bury him in their Grave.
VVould the *Great Sir*, Vouchſafe to take a Turn

In

In yonder Garden, (Gardens are not below him)
Where Heaven has dreſs'd up Flowers as fine as
Tulips & Lillies that baffle the gay *Solomon*, (He:
There could I *ſhew* him *Tears* pour'd out for *him too*,
And ſuch as never yet were drop'd before.
Nay of the very *Colour* of his Coat,
(Fitted on purpoſe as it were to ſave him)
And not the Iſſues of a flnid brain,
Which every VVoman flows with,——
But ſuch as dwelt in richer Veins and Heart,
That was Reſolv'd to bleed it ſelf to Death,
'Cauſe his is hard and cannot——
There is a blood that can diſſolve even Adamant
Ile give a knock or two upon the Rock
And all beſmear it with a Saviours Gore;
If that prevail not, what can I do more?
Sir will you pleaſe to lend your VVandring Eyes
(Rolling ore this and that poor fleeting Object)
And fix them here upon a *Weeping God*.
(It is no *Spectrum*, Sir, nor idle fancy,
If any thing below, were ever Truth)
In *Red Apparrel* & *Garments* of the Criſom bluſh
(Yet took not tincture from the VVorm, as yours)
But ſtreams from his own Heart and Veins have (di'd them
When in a cold night they could ill be ſpar'd,
Yet flow they muſt, (or you had gon to hell Sir,)
In curled Clots ſitting here and there upon him
And from the abundance, falling to the Ground;
Some paſſing off, but to make way for more,
To iſſue forth, and waſh your ſtained Soul.
This is no news, Sir, have you never prayed
For Mercy on your Miſerable Soul
Even by his Agony and bloody Sweat?
Yes Sir, he ſwet and bled, and all for *You*

VVhile

VVhile weights of Sorrow preſs'd his ſoul to death,
From loads of your guilt, and Ingratitude;
Yet there he lyes and Grovels on the ground,
And there reſolv'd to lye, till News of Mercy
Should come from Heaven for *You*——
Trembling till then leaſt *you* ſhould periſh, Sir,
VVhilſt ſuffering torments equal to the damn'd,
VVas cheerful to remember *you* were free (on him
From th'Curſe and *Plagues your* Pride had *brought*
VVhere is your *Sympathy*, Sir? what can you ſleep,
While *Jeſus* is in *Agony*, and Struggles
With all the Powers of his Diviner Soul (born?
For eaſe from th' Preſſures your ſelf ſhould have
Which would diſſolv'd him had he not been God,
And th' whole Creation had he not groan'd thus,
Yet this is but the Exordium of his Sorrows,
While hence he's hal'd to bleed again afreſh,
And yields his *Naked Back* to cruel hands,
Which dig long bloody Mercileſs Furrows on it,
Stript as a very Malefactor *Bare*,
Never was Thief ſo Whipp'd——
And all becauſe you wrap your Skin ſo ſoft,
In ſilken Folds, and Pride your ſelf in Purple,
(While Scarlet's put in Mockery on him)
Cauſe yours hath ſtoln your heart away from God.
Who cannot have one poor thought fixt upon him.
Since Gawdy Clothes have all--- You Ladies think
(on this too
Who bare your ſelves as he, not to the Whip
(Yet did that innocent fleſh endure the Laſh)
But to the curs'd effects of Luxury.
Next view his glorious Temples, pierc'd with *Thorns*,
Which taught him what it was to undertake
For Pride of Locks, and huffing Perriwigs.
(So *Gideon* once the men of *Succoth* taught)

Can

Can you *be p. oud of hair when Chriſt wore Thorns.*
Thus torn and bleeding into fainty Weakneſs
Yet is his heavy Croſs laid on him too
Which he bore humbly, ſo long as Nature could,
While you, my Gallant throw off every care,
And hate Religion that but Treats of Croſſes.
Yet has he left Croſſes behind for you too,
Did you not ſcorn to take and bear them on you,
Had you love for him, you would ne'r diſdain it,
But he bears all while you go free to Heaven.
Come view him now, Nail'd to the Croſs he bore,
VVith Hands and Feet pierc'd through & dropping Blood
The Cruel Spear making that Orifice
Thro which you eaſily may perceive his heart
Surrendring up the poor remains of Life;
And had he had ten hearts all ſhould have bled
For you, who yet have none to thank him for it.
But has commanded you to ſteep in yours
Into his VVounds, till it become more ſupple,
And learn to bleed for Damning Sin, like his.
Come Ladies will you not vouchſafe one Glance
Upon a dying Saviour on the Croſs?
Ladies are tender hearted (thought to be ſo)
And yet to hear this ſtory with drie eyes,
To ſee this rueful Spectacle of a God
Dying for Sin, and yours too, which the Sun
Refuſ'd to gaze on, ſhut his glorious Eye,
And hid his face in ſable Clouds for grief;
And thoſe poor women ſtood aloof and wept,
While you can ſee him hang, and bleed, and dye,
And were it yet to do, ſhould bleed afreſh,
Rather than one poor Vanity be abated,
Is this your Love to Jeſus?
Stark dead, & Bloodleſs from the Croſs he's taken,
And dead as he (from any power to hurt you)

Are

Are all your Sins fast Nailed to the Tree.
Can you believe this, Gallants? *Here's* your pardo.
You'l find it lying sealed in his Grave,
VVrapt in the Cloth that bound his sacred Head,
VVhence *Mary* fetch'd forth hers--*Can you believe*
If not, himself can do no more to save you;
Nor will do more through all Eternity.
Offer the flanting *Banners* of your Pride
As Trophies to the Glories of his Cross,
Die and be Crucified with him too,
From all the love of painted Vanities
And hang as naked from them, as did he
Never true Christian triumph'd in his shame,
VVhose onely Glory is a Naked Lord.
He that wore Purple here, is Cloath'd in Flames,
The Fool that dotes on *Rags*, deserves them too,
VVill curse the false and cheating Glories here,
That thus bewitch'd him to neglect poor *Psyche*,
For whom are Robes far whiter than the Snow,
And such as *Angels* wear, neglected all
And worn by poor and mean and lowly Souls
Whilst you my Gallants scorn, the Crowns abov
And perish in despight of flaming Love.

FINIS.